

JAMIE AND BESS

OR

The Laird in Disguise,

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

IN

IMITATION OF THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

By ANDREW SHIRREFS. A. M.

*O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc Veterum libris, nunc fomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivæ vitæ?*

HOR. Sat. vi. Lib. II.

ABERDEEN:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

(Price 1s. 6d.)

ENTERED IN STATIONER'S HALL.



N. B. Now in the hands of the *Engraver*,
The OVERTURE, composed by the *Author*
of the *Piece*, and the *Music* in SCORE; price
to *Subscribers* FIVE SHILLINGS.

**THE HONOURABLE THE COUNTY CLUB OF
ABERDEEN-SHIRE.**

MY LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

AS the Members of the CALEDONIAN HUNT condescended to patronize an Ayr-shire BARD, I was encouraged to hope, that The Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County of Aberdeen (who are inferior to none, in any thing which can render them respectable) would vouch safe their generous patronage to a like humble BARD; who never was, and probably never will be, without the limits of their County; and who glories in the distinction, of being acknowledged as their own.

The Performance, My Lords and Gentlemen, which I here respectfully inscribe to you has already, in some measure, had the sanction of the Public voice, in the approbation, with which, it has been received, when, exhibited repeatedly, on the Theatres, at Aberdeen, Elgin, and Inverness. But it has, you know, been the practice, among Poets and Writers of every denomination, and in all ages, to choose some honourable shade, to screen themselves and their productions, from the low attacks of Malevolence and Envy. The propriety or impropriety of such choice, tho' frequently determined by unforeseen contingencies, depends much, on a due regard being paid to the nature of the Performance, and the taste, or supposed inclinations, of the intended Patron. Had my Performance been written in the most elegant and polished language, and on a subject deserving of attention, from the most learned and philosophic minds, it could have been addressed to none, with more propriety, than to you: But such as it is, that Patriotic spirit, which you inherit, from your illustrious ancestors: and which you have on many occasions, so eminently displayed, will probably dispose you to favour a Performance, written in the Scots Dialect, and intended to convey a faithful, tho' humble

humble, and perhaps weak picture of the simple manners of the inhabitants of your native Country.

To you therefore, My Lords and Gentlemen, I offer, as an humble tribute of my Esteem and respect, the first fruits of my homely Muse. And, tho' my hopes are not too languine, I am animated, by the honour of your Countenance and Patronage, to expect, that my rural lay will not be disregarded. If my present attempt is favoured with your approbation may I not flatter myself with the thought, that my fortune (which has, hitherto, worn but a sullen aspect,) may yet, perhaps, put on a cheering smile? And if, at any future period, I may fondly hope to make a more conspicuous figure in the Literary World, I will look towards you, My Lords and Gentlemen, with an eye of gratitude, as the sole GUARDIANS (under Heaven) of my infant fame, and as the benignant CONSTELLATION, which beamed the first friendly ray of light on my Obscurity.

I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect,

MY LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Your Most Obedient,

Most Humble, and

Devoted Servant;

ANDREW SHIRREFS

Aberdeen,
Dec. 7th, 1787.

}

TO THE CRITICS.

YE snarlin' Critics, spare your bang,
It's nae for you I write my Sang,
Sae steek your gab, for ye'll be wrang,
To think to tease me ;
Ere I reply, ye'fe a' ga'e hang,
Think ye, I'll please ye?

I ken your aim, nae mair ye want,
But get fool chiels again to chant,
That ye may shak' your crap, ne'er scant
O' foul-mou'd win',
But, troth, wi' me (I ken your cant)
Ye'll come ahin.

Reply ! na, na, I'll see you first,
Tho' ye, wi' rage, be like to birst,
Wi' guid brown ale I'll quench my thirst,
And lat ye be ;
As lang's my boddom keeps the hirst,
Nae fear o' me.

I ken the warst ye're fit to say,
 Is that I'm *Lame*---is that news ?---heh ?
 That's been my case this mony a day,
 I ken o'er well,
 And, therefore, I'm less fit for *Play*,
 Than *abler* chiel.

Yet, after a' I've said and dane,
 Gin ye're resolv'd to clear my een,
 Sae do, ye winna brak' a bane,
 I dinna fear ye;
 Without anes jeein' number ane,
 Troth, I can hear ye.

Tho' ye sud deave me wi' your clatter,
 Thinking to keep me in het water,
 Ae word, again, I winna chatter,
 It fall be true:
 I'll use nae weapon, but my *batter* †
 To flap your mou'.

Or else, mayhap, my *bilted rung*, *
 A *slick* that never yet was dung,
 Which, nittled anes, I use, clean fang,
 Amo' my Fees;
 May lay your vile ill-scrapit tongue,
 And flat your nose.

But

† The Author is a Bookbinder to Trade.

* The Author (for several years) has been deprived of the use of his Legs, and reduced to the necessity of using Crutches.

But, ere that I my humour tyn,
Twa moons into the lift fall thine,
A third chiel too, gin ye incline,
In the muck middin',
Sae keep your clack, gin ye've a min',
And do my biddin'.

And gin ye do, I'll tell ye plain,
(Nae doubt, the speech will mak' ye fain,
It comes frae heart, as well as brain,
At time maist handy,)

YOUR'S with esteem, I will remain.

While CRIPPLE ANDY.

I N V O C A T I O N

TO

A L L A N R A M S A Y.

O H! honest Allan, rest your saul,
For mony a bonny tale ye taul,
Forgi'e me, gin I be .a: baul',

As ape your tune :
And lend me, for a while, your Call,
'Till I be dane.

And, tho' ye think I wad abuse it,
Yet, dinna cankerdly refuse it,
But, kindly, tell me, how to use it,
And there's nae fear,
But I, in time, may lear to tease it,
I ha'e 'some ear.

Nae that I think, by ony means,
I e'er will play sic winsome tunes,
As you, or Scots's dearest frien's,
O' nicest skill,
But, gin ye'll, kindly, try me anes,
I se sha' my *will*.

The best maun spill, afore they spin,
And tho' at first, I mak' but din,
Gin anes ye pit me in a fin,
I'm but a youth,

And

And may, wi' pains, lear to had in,

And bla' mair smooth.

At first, he frown'd, and said, right snelly,

It's grite presumption, lat me tell ye,

Ye bla' my whistle ! It wad fell ye,

Ye hinna breath ;

I lat you ha'e't, a while ! Na, yelly,

I wad be laith.

Tho' I ha'e lent it aft before,

To Beattie, Rofs, and eke some more,

Who, cannily, cud stop ilk bore,

And tightly fit it ;

Ye only wad disgrace the Core,

Were ye admittit.

Yet, gin I thought that ye were fit,

Or that ye had ha'f smergh or wit.

Says I—O ! dinna lat me fit,

And die for langer,

But try, first, how I'll manage it,

Syn sha' your anger.

Well, tak' it, says he, then, and try,

I ga'e a toor, and gar't it cry,

But a the time, that he stood by,

I shook for fear ;

Says he, I see ye ken the wy,

Ye'll, maybe, lear.

This ga'e some heart, I blew mair plain,

He cock'd his lugs, and I was fain

To hear him say, ye'll try't again,

But slack —nae rinnin',

To bla' o'er lang, but hurts the brain,

At the beginning.

I'll lat ye keep it, for a wee,

And come, some ither time, and see,

Gin ye're worth ony help frae me,

Or prove deservin',

I jook'd as low as low cud be,

And said your servan'.

Nor ha'e I seen him mair finfyn,

But I wad gi'e a pint o' wine,

Tho' I be poor, that I cud shine,

Or pleasure gi'e him,

In case, the whistle I may tyn,

When next I see him.

O ! cud I play in time and tune,

And finger right, ere he come roun',

Tho' shabby now, and fair held down,

I mith turn fatter,

And, maybe, rise and get aboon

The broken water.

But, yet, nae ferly gin I'm fluff'd,

By Fortune I ha'e lang been buff'd,

I kenna how the Quean's fae huff'd,

But I'm fair skelpit,

And gin I maun be rongher cuff'd,

I canna help it.

R O L O G U E

Written, and Spoken, by Mr SUTHERLAND.

IN days of yore, when proverbs rise had been;
 'Mongst others, there was one for Aberdeen,
 The adage this, "*Aye, tak' your word again.*"
 From whence some wicked wits would fain imply
 A double meaning couch'd, and archly cry,
 Whene'er they find the time or cause convene,
 "*Hoot man, awa ! you'll tak' your word again.*"
 To dash their gibes, one fact I'll tell alone,
 "Mark, now, how plain a tale shall set them down."
 A mer chant once, who liv'd in Aberdeen,
 And kept a shop somewhere about the Green,
 To London City, yearly, made resort,
 With stockings, shoes—and got good profit for't,
 But chanc'd, one time, of money to fall short.
 As paper credit then was never us'd,
 And honest *carl* was loath to be refus'd,
 The goods he bargain'd for, he bluntly cry'd,
 "I dinna like to ask and be deny'd;
 "What maun I do, guidman? the filler's slack;
 "Maun I gi'e up your goods, and sae gang back?
 "Nay," says the factor, "Friend, since that's the case,
 "And as I like your good, old, honest face,
 "Take home the goods; and when you come next year,
 "To buy again, I trust you'll make all clear."
 The time came round, the merchant paid the claim,
 "*Aye,*" quoth the Cit, "*I'll tak' your word again.*"

Now for our *Author*, tremblingly, I ween,
 He waits the representing of his *Scene*;
 If to your favour he shall lay just claim,
 He'll boldly hope "*You'll take HIS word again.*"

THE PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir ARCHIBALD.	Mr Sutherland
JAMIE <i>in love with Bess.</i>	Mr Tingey
SIMON <i>in love with Kattie.</i>	Mr Newbound
GEORDY and NED	} two Clowns. Mrs Tingey
DORY. <i>Father to Kattie.</i>	Mr Biggs
BRANKY. <i>Father to Simon.</i>	Mr Ross
	Mr Maclaren

W O M E N.

BESS.	{ <i>Supposed Niece of Helen, lately taken into the Knight's service.</i> }	Mrs Hamilton
KATTIE.	<i>Dory's Daughter.</i>	Mrs Sutherland
HELEN.	{ <i>Sister-in-law to Dory, and supposed Aunt of Bess.</i> }	Mrs Newbound
CATHARINE.	<i>Mother to Geordy.</i>	Mrs Cuthell

SCENE, A Shepherd's Village and fields, some miles North-west of Aberdeen.

Time of Action, Within TWELVE HOURS.

JAMIE AND BESS.

A C T I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*The ploughman's distant whistle hear,
And low of herds, which grazing near,
Bass to the shepherd's tune.*

*Pleas'd with the prospect Nature yields,
Here, Dory sits and views his fields ;
His seat a moss-grown stane.*

*Now, o' the snipe he's for a dose,
Wi' pen just rising to his nose,
Ye see him forward lean ;*

*When bearing Branky's tread bebin',
He starts and ye may see him rin,
Wi' joy, to meet his frien'.*

A Y honest billy, are ye here fae seen,
Ye hinna bidden lang at Aberdeen.
I thought ye'd be awa a month at least,
Folks dinna ay get fau'ts fae soon redrest.

Branky. And maybe, nibour, that's the gate wi' me,
What ither taiken 'bout me can ye see?

B.

Belike,

Belike, gin I had been mair lucky frien',
 Ye wadna see me standing here alane.
 Well do ye ken, when matters a' were right,
 I lik'd to ha'e my bairn in my fight.
 But, now, nae mair that pleasure will I boast,
 Since, sure, to me he is forever lost.
 I'm here again warfe than I gaed awa,
 I then had hopes, but now I've tint them a'.

Dory. Ah Branky, ye're aye ready wi' your joke,
 But thinkna, birky, ye are come to mock
 Fouk wi' your jests; I'm sure that's nae the case;
 I read some better tidings i' your face.
 Whate'er the cause, that Simon isna here,
 I canna say, but of ae thing I'm fear,
 Gin it were true, that ye've fae hapless been,
 I'll warrant, lad, ye wadna look fae green.
 Your looks, my frien', ha'e got anither cast
 Than what they had, when we saw ither last.
 Mirth does o'er plainly i' your face appear,
 For me to trow that Simon isna near.
 Nae wisby washies, lad, lat's hear bedeen,
 Ye've news, I'm fear, will glad mair hearts than ane.
 For, tho' ye wad your griteft art employ,
 That mirky face o' your's betrays your joy.

Bra. I see, then, Dory, it's but vain to try
 To hide the joy, which ye so clearly spy.
 I wad ha'e gart you trow I'd tint my plea,
 But ye're o'er auld for tricks like that to doc.

'Tis

'Tis as ye think, I'm free of a' my pain,
 And my loo'd chiel is, now, anes mair, my ain :
 Sae, gin affairs fall gae no farer wrang,
 He fall be Dory's too, ere it be lang.

Dor. Wi' a' my heart, I wis' it were the night,
 Gin matters cud, sae soon, be gotten right.
 For trow me, Branky, I'm amais't as glad,
 As Kate herfell, wha is to ha'e the lad.
 Whare ha'e ye left him, that he isna here,
 If ain wad ken, and how ye gat him clear ?
 But, 'twill be better, now, to leave that part,
 Till we have gane and eas'd poor Katty's heart.
 The news, to her, will bring as grite relief,
 As e'er reprieve did to a sentenc'd thief.

Bra. Na, nibour, but ye needna fash your head,
 O' sic relief Kate disna stand in need.
 Believe me frien', ye have nae news to tell,
 She kent the matter, ere ye kent yoursell.
 I met your las, as I was coming here,
 And left my Simon a' her doubts to clear.
 They baith forgether'd, yon'er, i' the wa'k,
 And I slip'd aff and left them to their crack.

Dor. Nae mis' o' that, for as far as I ween,
 They'll nae be angry they are left alane.
 Atweesh themfells they best can ease their pain,
 Lovers have ay some clatter o' their ain.
 I'll warrant nibour, when we woo'd oursell,
 We didna like ilk ane fud hear our tale.

Nae

Nae unconcern'd person sud be near,
 Love's tales are only for the Lover's ear.
 Nor is it right, tho' it's o'er aften dane,
 'To watch Love's motions in a place unseen ;
 Merely to ease the cravings of a min'
 That's wond'rous curious, or wi' warfe design,
 But tell me man how matters were agreed,
 Or by wha's int'rest ye gat Simon freed ?

Bra. Ane's wha well cud, the *Provost o' the town* ;
 A jelly man, well worthy of a crown.
 To him I gaed as soon's I reach'd the placè,
 By frien's advice, to lat him ken my case ;
 And tho' grite folks are sometimes unco' shy,
 And speak right four to sic as you or I ;
 He kindly heard my story to an end,
 And syn he straicht did for the fergeant fend,
 Wi' pointed word to bring my son alang,
 That he mith ken wha's tale was right or wrang.
 Syn, in a short, my blustrin' blade appears,
 And he a hunder questions at him spiers :
 To some of which he meant but sma' reply,
 But boot to gi'e a *wherefore* for ilk *why*.
 Nor durst ae word he spake be out o' joint,
 But a', he said, boot just be to the point.
 For tho' he play'd the Lord into the fair,
 Nought but submissive speech cud answer there.
 'Twas easy dane, to fright plain fouks like we,
 But yon'er, faith, he fan it wadna doe.

In short, my frien', when a' thing was brought out;
My boy was clear'd, and he fin'd tō the boot;
A guid round sum, a twenty-shillings note,
Nor wad his Honour pass ae single groat.

Dor. Ye hear my heart—how was the billy pleas'd;
Nae well, I wad, to be so snelly us'd?

Bra. O had ye seen, wi' what a waefu' frown,
He drew lang-craig and tauld the scushy down;
I'm sure, ye cudna see a queerer sight,
His very visage was amais't a fright.
As lang's I live, I'll laugh ay, when I think,
Wi' what a waefu' phiz he twinn'd his clink.

Dor. Troth, nibour, and ye ay may blifs him for't,
Who was the cause o' sic a hearty sport.
He cuda gart you sing anither tune,
Ye've been mair lucky, sooth, than mony ane.
For grant ye had a' justice in your cause,
Yet innocence whiles suffers by the laws.
Some judges dinna gi'e decrees sae just,
He's been a man well worthy o' his trust.
Some wadna ta'en sic pains to get the truth,
But, right or wrang, wad let him keep the youth;
Or gart you draw, afore ye gat him clear,
Mair frae your purse, than it cud rightly bear.

Bra. Things as unjust by judges ha'e been dane,
But never think 'twas sae at Aberdeen.
Ye manna speak o' them in sic a strain,
They've ay been kant for downright honest men;

Wha's

Wha's ilka action spreads their growin' fame,
 And shaws them judges, worthy o' the name.
 By them the honest never suffer'd yet,
 Guilt is the only object of their hate ;
 'To punish which they use their gritest art,
 But never, never, act an unjust part.

Dor. Well come my frien', whatever be the case,
 We'se kifs the cap, in honour of the place ;
 And drink his health, wha set our Simon free,
 At ilka merry meeting 'till we die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*The ba'f, at least, may please your ee,
 O' what ye're, now, about to see,
 Aside, a wee bit frae the wa'k,
 'Bout which ye heard auld Branky crack.
 Frae a', but you, birk bushes lide,
 Twa lovers seated, side by side,
 Upon a flow'ry bank ;
 The twa are Simon and his Kate ;
 Nor wonder ibo' the lad looks blate,
 Accus'd o' sic a prank.
 He left his lass ye heard afore,
 Now, hear them flyte upon the score,
 But then ye needna fear,
 Tho' she maun ha'd him out o' langer,
 Love lurks beneath her seeming anger,
 And will ere lang appear.*

SANG

S A N G I.

Tune—*Sandy o'er the Lee.*

MY Simon's clear,
 That's aething fear,
 But it had better been;
 Had he been wise,
 And ta'en advice,
 I ne'er sic days had seen.

Some sighing said,
 Tho' they were glad,
 We're wae ye've tint your lad
 'Tis hard that he,
 Sud take 'fore thee,
 A saxpence and cockade.

Since, first, he fled,
 The life I've led,
 Has been a life o' pain:
 Some jeer'd me fair,
 A' cry'd nae mair,
 Will he return again.

S I M O N.

Ne'er mind their crack,
 Now I'm come back,
 Let inward pining cease;
 My folly past,
 May be the last,
 That e'er will brak' your peace.

Ka.

Ka. But tell me, Simon, now that ye are free,
How cud you tak' fae little thought o' me?
Gin Kate had, anes, but enter'd i' your head,
Ye never cud ha'e dane fae rash a deed.

Sim. Kate may believe, altho' I didna tell,
When that was dane, I wafna just myfell.
Yet tho' mischance led me to play the fool,
My heart, to her, was ever true and leal.
She was my thought, while I had pow'r to think,
But ilka thought that's guid is drown'd by drink.

Ka. Ah Simon, troth, that's but a blate excuse,
Whafe fau't was it your head was i' the bees?
'Twas i' your pow'r to lat the drink alane,
Or drink, in measure, and there's sma' ill dane.
I wadna lat the trash come near my mou',
That e'er wad drown fae sweet a thought as you.

Sim. Ere ye condemn me, hear me plead my cause,
That's, sure, allow'd by Love's severest laws.
Anes ye have heard the truth o' the affair,
Maybe ye mayna blame me ha'f fae fair.
When I set out, I meant to spend my clink,
On something ither than a drap o' drink.
Ere I gaed there, I was a happy man,
Friends had agreed I sud ha'e Katty's hand.
Fou o' the hopes of this my promis'd joy,
I fought the Fair, for honest employ;

To

To coff what bonny trinkets I mith see,
 By way o' fairin' to my las, frae me.
 Nae harm, tho' I ha'e brought her ane or twa,

[Presenting her with some,

Sic bonny trocks to help to mak her bra.
 I didna mean to pit a' down my throat,
 Nor maun my Katty think she was forgot.
 E'en when I drank till I was piper fu',
 The very cause, my Katty just was you.
 As I was coffin' at my trinkets there,
 I met a frien' or twa into the Fair;
 Wha kent the happinefs I had in view,
 And they boot ha'e me in to wet my mou'.
 When we were set, your health gaed aft about,
 And ilk ane, there, drank ay his bicker out,
 Syn kifs'd it's boddum, wi a smack fu' finart,
 To shaw your well lay deep within his heart.
 Say then, my Katty, was't a mickle fau't,
 Was I to be behader of a' that!
 When a' grew wanten in my Katty's praise,
 And wish'd us mickle luck and length o' days,
 Cud I syn fit, just like a gowkit as,
 Or shaw mysell less loyal to my las?

Ka. It's hard, nae doubt, for ane to disapprove,
 E'en of a fau't, when it proceeds frae love.
 But, what tho' Simon were anes a' my ain,
 Sud he return to his auld tricks again,
 Gae to some market—get o'er mickle drink,
 O' Kate or hame, he syn, nae mair mith think.

I ken my Simon has o'er mickle sense,
 When he is sober, e'er to gi'e offence.
 Were he ay so, he then wad ay be kind,
 But, then, anither tout may change his mind.
 Whare drink get's in, baith wit and sense flee out,
 And he mith maybe tak' anither rout.
 Syn, whare is Katty, when her Simon's gane,
 But left to mis'ry, maybe nae alane.
 How can ye think, I ever wad agree,
 To tak' a man, that may forhui me ?
 But, sud ye stay at hame and stick by Kate,
 Her sorrows maybe mith be just as great.
 A drunken man's the hinder-end of a',
 What tho' my Simon's bonny now and bra,
 Gin he likes drink 'twad alter soon the case,
 And drunken chapins bluther a' his face.
 It soonwad gar his love to me turn cauld,
 And mak' him daz'd and doited ere ha'f auld.
 Drink's aft the cause o' mickle dool and strife,
 And kills a' comfort atweesh man and wife.

Sim. Nae doubt when drinkin's carried to excess,
 It's sure to blast the seeds of happiness;
 And ane that's drunk will aft commit a crime,
 He'd fley to think of, ony ither time.
But wha's sae strong as newer tyn his grip,
Or wha sae wise as never mak' a slip ?
 Tho' I ha'e anes transgress'd sound reasons laws,
 Ye ken, my Kate, 'twas in an hon'rous cause ;

And

And I ha'e suffer'd for't baith lang and fair,
Ye needna seek to mak' my sorrows mair.

Tho' I have been the cause o' Kattie's pain,
I dreed as mickle, sure, for her again.

And Katty needfna mak' sae grite a phrase,
I's ne'er be fu', again in a' my days.

Of a' my days to come it's be the care,
To mak' her just as happy as she's fair.

Ka. Gin Simon hates to lead a single life,
And gin he canna do without a wife.

Were it the fashion to ha'e mair than ane,
Gin he inclines, he needfna lie alane.

He's ill bestead, wha canna pass ae door,
Twad mak' sma' odds tho' I sud gi'e him o'er,

I'm very fear he wadna want a score,
O' lasses full as likely to the ee,

And handsomer, by mony fars, than me.

Sim. What I mith get, my Kate, is nae the thing,
Ye sud be Queen, tho' Simon were a King.

I mony a strappin' lass, nae doubt ha'e seen,
For there's nae want of sic in Aberdeen.

There's scarce a lassie, there, that ye wad meet,
But wha has something in her face that's sweet.

Ilk ither Town for Beauties it surpasses,

It's just the nursery o' bonny lasses.

Yet, tho' I've seen them a' and mony mair,

I ne'er saw ane, wi' Kate, that cud compare.

I ne'er saw a lass in a' my life,

I'd mak' sae soon as bonny Kate my wife.

Ka.

Ka. Well kens my Simon how to touch my heart;
Well kens he how to act the Lover's part,
Gin ye as kindly act the Husband's too,
Ye'll ever find a loving wife in me.

S A N G II.

Tune.—*O my Bonny Sailor Laddie &c.*

S I M O N.

WERE't not for Kate's too pow'rful charms,
I lik'd the plaid and highland dress;
But ev'ry thought of war and arms,
I gladly quit for her embrace.

K A T T I E.

O honey'd accents far too sweet,
They like enchantment to me seem;
My happiness is too complete,
Ah! Simon, sure, I only dream!

[Falling into his arms.]

To what, shall I my bliss compare!
In Simon I have ev'ry wish—

[Simon folding her in his arms.]

Then, in your bliss let Simon share,
And make him happy with a kiss.

K A T T I E.

If kisses gi'e him sic relief,
I ha'e a treasure for his sake;
And never need he taste of grief,
Since at discretion, he may take.

SIMON

S I M O N.

Far hence be ilk intruding care,
While thus I press thee to my breast;
Ten thousand sweets ye have to spare,
And aye to me, my Kate's a feast.

K A T T I E.

Such kisses as I thus bestow,
I only to my Simon lend;
When sweeter on his lips they grow,
He'll, kindly, pay them back again.

S I M O N.

O' never can those sweets increase
Bestow'd like Nature's on the flow'rs;
For what ye think my lips possess,
My Kattie only flows frae your's.

K A T T I E.

If freely gie'n, with loving heart,
They sweeter be, then such are mine:
But never can my lips impart,
A sweet not far excell'd by thine.

B O T H.

Soon may the happy day appear,
When we may kiss, nor care wha ken't;
When greater bliss our hearts will share,
And we embrace without restraint.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*To Cath'rine's dwelling, just hard by,
The Knight, see, stepping in the way,
Right spruce, wi' varnish'd cane;
List what he says, he'll stay but short,
But means to gi'e you better sport,
When he comes back again.*

STRANGE news, indeed—but Cath'rine comes
And ere I speak, I better think a wee, [I see;
How, to best purpose, I may play my part;
I wish it dinna gae beyond my art.
I'm sure I'll find it a right trying task,
To act it a' beneath a serious mask.
Gin Geordy be the rattle-scul I'm taul,
I may expect to find him stiff and baul.
But I'll first see what Lucky says herself,
Gin she can ought about this matter tell.
From what she says, I'll maybe guess the lave,
And get some notion how I maun behave.
I find the Carlin's ta'en anither tour,
I'll see to catch her, ere she win hame o'er. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*Their backs supported by a tree,
Two lads in close discourse, ye see;
Nae doubt, they'll friends appear,
But*

But thinkna this, or ye're missta'en,

Folks manna ay believe their een,

Nor credit a' they hear.

Sly Ned, sic kindness but pretends,

Like mair, to answer his ain ends,

For he likes Geordy's lads;

And kenfna how to ding him out,

But hopes to bring's intent about,

'Cause Geordy's but an afe.

Ned. Well, I can tell you nowther mair nor less,
But, gin ye're wife ye will keep clear o' Bets.

She is a sly and cunning quean I ken,

And wi' the Knight is rather o'er far ben.

From what I heard, within this little wee,

Her apron shortens to the skilly ee.

An honest cuman, that ye ken fu' well,

Taul' me, for certain, that she is wi' chiel;

And that she'd lay, ere lang it wad be seen,

By fouks wha hinna just the clearest een.

Geo. That a', they say, and mickle mair is true,

I thought langsyu, but mony thanks to you.

For o' your kindness, I'll ne'er think the less,

'That I afore kent what ye now express.

But fearna frien', as lang's the sun may shine,

Into the lift she never fall be mine.

I own I anes had liking for the yade,

But couk to think o't since she turn'd a bawd.

Ye manna think that I'm sae big an afe,

His Honour's leavings ne'er fall be my lafs.

Since

Since it is sae, I'll better try some ither—

Ned. Yet, I am taul' ye twa are aft thegither.
Now, gin ye wad be counsell'd by a frien',
Nae mair, again, be seen wi' her your lane.
Fouks that observe,— or blame you unco' fair,
Or think that ye ken nought o' the affair.
It wad be right to tell her, that ye ken
Her bonny pranks, and then ha'e fairly dane.

Geo. It's eafy lad, for you to shaw the way,
To shak' aff lasses ; gin ye come to try,
Ye'll find it's nae so eafy brought about,
By the tae ha'f, as it is pointed out.
Anes lat a hiffy get you in the girn,
Ere ye get loofe, ye'll red a ravell'd pirn.
In ilk respect, I've been as wise as ye,
Tried mony methods, but fan nane wad doe.
Aft, when she spak' I made her nae reply,
And, when I met her proudly whistled by.
On ilk occasion, I ha'e shawn neglect,
Dane a' I cud, and yet to nae effect.

Ned. That's very strange indeed—I am cock fear,
Gin it were me, I shortly sud be clear.
Ye maun ha'e acted something mair nor right,
That gars her stand sae out agains' your might.—

Geo. Last night, I saw her, yon'er on the brae,
She wagg'd her hand and meant that I sud stay.
But, when she saw she met wi' nae regard,
She scauld, and cried, she wad inform the Laird.

She

She said, she lang had suffer'd cauld neglect,
 But he wad gar me pay some mair respect.
 Gin she has tauld, it shortly will appear,
 He and my mither, see, are coming here.
 They seem right earnest, as they trudge along,
 I'll warran't prove the burden o' their sang.
 But, gin it do, their travel is in vain,
 I'll never wed to lead a life o' pain.
 I am resolv'd, ae word I fanna tyn,
 If he but speak, I'll tell him plain my mind.

Ned. Be as it may, ye shortly now will see,
 But hear me, lad, I'll tell ye what to doe.
 Afore, ye lat him get o'er mickle time,
 To shak' his crap and scauld you for the quean,
 Be bauld enough to tell him a' your mind.
 Shaw how the hussy's us'd you, first and last,
 And bauldly tell the cause of a' that's past.
 But as ye'd wish to clear yoursell o' blame,
 Be sure, you dinna mention anes my name.

Geo. Believe me, Ned, I've nae sic fool intent,
 I'se pledge my troth, ye never fall be kent.
 Afore that I reward your friendship fae,
 The sun shall shine by night, the moon by day:
 A' thing turn topsy-turvy in a trice,
 Wife fouks turn fools, and fools turn wond'rous wife.

Ned. I'll leave you, then, and hie me to the field,
 Stick to your point—— *[Exit.]*

Geo. ————— In nae respect I'll yield.

Tune—*Here awa, there awa, &c.*

THE bensil I'll bear, for why sud I fear?
 Tho', nae doubt, my bosom anes warmly did burn;
 I'm nae sic an afs, as wed wi' a las,
 Who thinks my love merits nae kinder return.

The De'il, first, maun blin' me, nae vows, sure, can bin' me,
 To stick by the las, wha is false and unkin';
 That I lov'd her before, now I hate her the more,
 For giving another what sud ha'e been mine.

It's my part to flight her, and his, sure, to right her,
 And as he best can, he may do it himsell.
 I'd ha'e my throat nicket, ere I were sae tricket,
 Or the warld, on me, gat sic stories to tell.

Had she constant prov'd, I still would have lov'd,
 But, that it is otherwise, I'm nae to blame;
 I scorn the Beauty, wha kensna her duty,
 And wishes to play me so cunning a game.

Enter Catharine, and the Knight.

Cath. Fy George! I never thought to live the day,
 That fouks of you, sae mickle ill cud say.
 Ah, fy for shame! to be sae cross to Bess,
 As force the Knight to come and seek redress!
 In truth ye really, now, maun gi'e your hand,
 Ye'll be mair kind, and prove anither man.

Geo. I'll tell you plain, gin telling likes to doe,
 Nane need to come that errand here to me.

I've

I've shawn mair kindness than she's worthy o',
Or ony quean that cud ha'e us'd me so.

Kn. Some decency, young-man, ye must observe,
From you, such treatment, she could ne'er deserve.
Why not fulfill the promises ye made?
Ye fought the lass, and taul ye meant to wed.
Nae farther kindness, now, for her I crave,
Justice is a' she seeks and that she'll have.

Geo. I own sic promise anes escap'd my mou',
But, then, your Honour, she was kent for true;
So, frae whatever I mith say before,
I'm now set free, since she's gane o'er the score. [that?

Kn. Gane o'er the score! what mean ye, youth, by

Geo. I'm well informed, she's wi' a bastard brat.

Cath. Bafe lie indeed——

Kn.—————To whom does it appear?

Geo. It's to your Honour——

Kn.—————me!

Geo.—————E'en sae I hear.

Kn. That speech, young-man, cameraslly frae your
But, ye'se be free, gin ye can make it guid. [head,
Gin e'er I harm'd her, she will surely tell,
Nane can know better than the lass herself.
She'll be brought to you, and she shall declare,
What's truth or falsehood, now, in this affair.
Gae Catharine for the lass, and we shall see,
And gin she says't, I take her and ye're free.

But

But mind, young man, if it shall now appear,
Your story's false and I am wholly clear,
Ye then, wi' Bess directly maun agree,
Or else my just displeasure ye shall dree.

Geo. I winna mak' sic bargains, fir, e'en now,
The las' wad ha'e but sma' wit in her pow,
Gin she wad stick to truth in sic a case,
And be the trumpet o' her ain disgrace.
I'll warran she cud mak' a swingin' lie,
To patch up matters, gin sic things wad doe.
I never fail, by tricks, be' cullied o'er,
To wed a las' your Honour's us'd afore.
Ye needna think I am sae big a fool,
I ne'er will swallow sic a bitter pill.

Cath. Forgi'e him, fir, he's sure nae kenning right,
To whom he cracks. Fine usage to the Knight!
His Honour, troth, may think you right ill-bred,
Anes ye're at hame, I'll gar your back be pay'd.

[Strikes him with her staff.]

Geo. My back be pay'd! o' that I hinna fear,
And what his Honour thinks I fanna care.
Nae satisfaction far'er will I gi'e,
I plainly tell you Bess is nae for me.

Cath. Gae from my sight, ye worthless piece o' wark!
I'll gar your father lear you how to bark!
Ye needna think sic saucy clack sall pass,
Ye sall do war, gin ye'll nae wed the las'!

Of

Of a the sons that I ha'e ever had,
 Except yoursel, ilk ane has made me glad;
 They never tauld a lassie o' their love,
 And syn neglected, when she did approve.
 Ill-manner'd dog! ye've anger'd me right fair,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Swith frae my sight, nor lat me see you mair!
 An like your Honour, ye'll gang back wi' me,
 I'll warran William gar him soon agree,
 To tak the lass, and mak' his promise guid,
 Or else the rogue fall claw a broken head.

Kn. Na, George, come back, and Cath'rine gae your
 Ye are o'er warm a pleader in this cause. [*wa's:*
 Force ne'er can do, that manna be the way,
 He fall be satisfied, ere he comply.

Geo. Well, gin it's possible that can be dane,
 I'll own my fau't and hope to be forgi'en.

Cath. How can ye think his Honour will forgi'e,
 Sic foul-mou'd win, frae sic a cur as ye?
 Own that ye lied, and that his Honour's wrang'd,
 Ere we're disgrac'd, and ye yoursell be hang'd!

Kn. Cath'rine now leave's, and we may chance to
 Without or hanging him, or shaming thee. [*'gree,*

Cath. God blis your Honour, ye may hear my mean,
 I'll ne'er do guid, gin he meet sic an end!
 William and I, I'm sure are nae to blame,
 We ne'er heard ony blot upon your name.

Exit.

Geo.

Geo. Your Honour needna ha'e a grudge at me,
 There's mair, wha sud be hang'd, if that's a lie.
 I'm nae the maker o' the tale I'se swear,
 And he that taul' me ne'er was ca'd a liar.
 But gin your Honour thinks to prove him fae,
 He sud be punish'd and I latten gae.
 I've only taul' you what I heard mysell,
 And what ane hears I thought nae sin to tell.

Kn. Tales that are good, or harmless, when ye hear,
 You may, with freedom, spread them far and near.
 But lies, or tales which blast your neighbour's fame,
 Whae'er spreads them, surely, is to blame.

Geo. An' like your Honour, gin it binna true,
 I never taul't to ony ane but you;
 And had I thought ye'd ta'en't fae much amiss,
 I hadna been so plain as tell you this.
 Nor did I ween the tale wad hurt you fair.
 For gentle fouk's think light o' the affair.
 Anger'd at ane ! I think ye ha'e sma' reason,
 Some fouks, like you, think naething of a dizen.
 If ye be angry, Bessy may gae hyte,
 Gin ony's blam'd she's sure to get the wyte.
 Her it may hurt, what's ga'en, about upon her,
 But sinta war will ony think your Honour.

Kn. However base the opinion of the times,
 It ne'er can make a virtue, sure, of crimes !
 If there's a wretch, so destitute of shame,
 So careless of his own and neighbour's fame,

As

As make himself the scoff of such as thee,
 He shames mankind, whatever his degree ;
 Forfeits a' rev'rence to his rank that's due,
 And justly stands a monster to the view !

Geo. Whatever monsters, sir, they may appear,
 There are sic monsters, fr'a't, I'm very fear.
 And nae few o' them, either, as I ween,
 They're in ilk ither corner to be seen.
 And this, I think, is far frae ony proof,
 They're either held as monster, or as thief.
 Nae doubt, when ony sic poor chiel as me,
 Plays tricks, like that, ye'll, in a hurry, see
 It, thro' the parish, raise an unco' bree!
 Sane as ane kens a lass gets the gill-wheep,
 Scandal's o'er guid a tale to fa' asleep.
 Whae'er was throngest wi' the lass before,
 They lay the blame, for common, at his door.
 This ane tells that, and that ane tells anither,
 Nor wad they hool't, on sister or on brither.
 Some wyte the lass, and ithers blame the lad,
 And sae the story round about is ca'd;
 Till some auld Dad, mair haly than the rest,
 Finds it his duty to acquaint the Priest:
 Syn there's nae help, but the poor lad maun stand,
 Afore the kirk, to get a reprimand.
 And when they hear him frae the pulpit taul',
 How mickle, by the sin, he's harm'd his faul ;

Anc

Ane fains herfell, anither granes a pray'r,
 As gin he were the only finner there.
 And ever after, he's ay pointed at,
 As ane wha had, wi' sic a chiel, the brat.
 Sae it fa's out, when poor fouks misbehave,
 They're just made scare-craws o' to a' the lave.
 But, in a life time, now, we winna hear,
 Of ane sae roughly us'd that isna poor.
 For gentle blades, wha have a fouth o' cash,
 To dit fouks mou's ne'er meet wi' ony fash.
 However'daft they wi' the lasses be,
 It's ay o'er-look'd, gin they but pay the fee.
 Tho' gin they gat their due, I wat fu' well,
 Ilk ither Sunday, some wad sit the stool.

Kn. Were they sae us'd, it would be just the same,
 Who dinna dread the sin, would mock at shame.
 That wretch is lost who, 'scaping censure here,
 Of future punishment betrays no fear!

Geo. I'm led to think, however strange to tell,
 Sic canna trow there's ony place like Hell;
 Or that to sic a pitch of vice thy're brought,
 As gin there be or no, ne'er costs a thought.
 But gin some dinna, soon, their manners mend,
 They'll fin't o'er true, I'm fair fear'd, in the end.
 Nae that I mean your Honour, I'd be laith,
 I ne'er wad wish ye meet sae mickle skaith.
 Tho' it sae be, that ye have spoil'd my sport,
 And I, nae doubt, am e'en right angry fort,

Tho'

Tho' a' were true upon you I've been taul',
I wadna, for it a', ye'd lose your faul.

Kn. George, I still thought that ye had better sense,
Than use superiors with such impudence.
I never harm'd the lafs in a' my life,
Else I wad never bid you call her wife.
Ye've been o'er rash to credit sic a tale,
But gin ye tell your author, without fail,
Him I shall punish, and ye shall be free,
Either to take the lafs, orlat her be.

Geo. Fairer than that, I'm sure, I cudna seek,
But then my tongue's boun' up, I darena speak.
I've sworn nae to tell, ye maun excuse,
Gin I to answer your demand refuse.

Whaever taul' me, taul' me as a frien',
And to reveal him, fir, wad be ill dane.

Kn. Well, George, I fanna bid you brake your troth,
Gin ye have sworn, man, ye may keep your oath.
But he, who taul' you, is nae friend to you,
And what I say, I'll shortly prove is true.

I'll find him out, altho' ye dinna tell,
If I should summons up auld *Nick* himsell.
But see, young-man, ye dinna tell a lie,
If a' the blame, at last, shall light on thee,

Geo. Your Honour may do what ye like wi' me.
Whae'er has lied, I wis' he mayna pass,
May auld *Nick* get him for a baggage ass,

To spur wi' red-het gauds thro' dub and mire,
And gar him carry a' his winter fire !

Kn. And so he shall, nae better it shall be,
With him wha's found the author of this lie;
Unless that he appear, in proper time,
And own his fault and sorrow for the crime.
But gin I raise the De'il, If'e plainly tell,
He winna' gae, without him back to Hell.
Now, gae to wark, but ere I sleep this night,
I'll show you a' the matter brought to light.
Whae'er he be, I'll strive to make him feel.

[*Exit George.*]

As the KNIGHT turns about, enter BRANKY.

Bra. Goode'en, goode'en, I hope your Honour's well.

Kn. I thank you Branky, what's the news in town?
Pit on, pit on. How's Simon?

Bra. ————— Safe and sound.

Thanks to your Honour for your friendly aid,
My chiel's my ain, and I am e'en right glad.

Your kindly letter had a guid effect,
And gat me mickle kindness and respect.

It pat the matter in sae clear a light.

It wafna lang 'till we gat stories right;
And for sic kindness as your Honour show'd,

I thought it but a duty, that we ow'd,
To come and thank you, soon as we gat hame,
But that we didna Branky's nae to blame.

To

To mak' this poor acknowledgiment we meant,
 But as we're on the gratefu' errand bent,
 We met wi' Bessy, at her aunty's door,
 Wha taul's ye ga'ed west-by a wee before.
 This hour, says she, ye mayna see his face,
 Tho' ye sud tramp it forward to the place.
 I'll lat you ken, as soon's I see him pass,
 But I wad, Simon rather see his lass.
 Ye needna think to Stay, I'm very fear,
 He'll sit on nettles a' the time he's here.
 And Kate, poor lass, has need o' some relief,
 She's just been like to fell hersell wi' grief.
 When this he heard, he wadna ha'd nor bin',
 For fear that he mith maybe come ahin,
 But scour'd awa, as fast as heels cud drive,
 And happly fan' the lass was still alive.

Kn. That a' is well, Branky, I'm mair than paid,
 For ony trouble ye may think I had.
 Ye've been an honest tenant to me lang,
 I would be laith to see you suffer wrang.
 Tho' it had cost me something mair than fash,
 I wadna grudg'd to spend a little cash,
 Ere Kate had lost her lad, and ye your son,
 I wad have made them hear a greater din.

Bra. God blis your Honour, ye was ever kind,
 And a' that ken you, ken your gen'rous mind.
 On sic, as you, Heav'n's bounty's well bestow'd,
 May you, nor your's, ne'er want a south o' gowd.

Nor

Nor ane be scant, wi' sic an open heart,
O' that, wi' which, he wad fae eithly part !

Kn. To ease Oppression's load and make it light,
Is but to do our duty, and what's right.

Narrow's the faul, wha winna twin his gear,
To smoothe misfortune's brow, or help the poor !

And may the boddom o' his purse fa' out,
Wha has the pow'r, yet wants the will to do't :

Who unconcern'd sees modest merit die,

For want o' what, unmisd, he cud supply !

For kinder purposes, by bounteous Heaven,

Such superfluities to man are given,

And where bestow'd, it's plain they are design'd,

Not to contract, but to enlarge the mind.

For they're nae langer blessings than they're us'd,

They turn a curse, whene'er they are abus'd.

But where's your nephew, Branky ? Is he here ?

I'll wad he's been of use, gin ane may spier,

He is nae senseless lad, as I can see.

Bra. He's far frae that, were he nae kin to me,

The lad, I can assure you did nae ill,

And twa three wonder'd how he had sic skill.

His clatter wadna sham'd an aulder man,

And I maun speak for him, now, gin I can.

The lad likes Bess, but Helen is fae proud,

She disna seem to think the bargain good.

Kn. What wad she have ? I think the match is fair,
And that it e'en sud answer to a hair !

Bra.

Bra. Some cantrip-castin' cock, wha spells can read,
I understand has turn'd auld Lucky's head.
Her niece is bonny, and gin she be spar'd,
She hopes to see her wedded to a Laird.

Kn. Sic wonders may, in former days, have been,
That Lairds have wedded lasses full as mean.
I ve seen when folks, for love, would sometimes wed,
But marriage, now, is made a sort of trade.
Wha bids the maist, is sure to win the prize,
While she that's tocherless neglected dies.
If ane be poor, and of a humble birth,
Whate'er her merit be, whate'er her worth,
Wanting this ae commodity, the cash,
A' ither qualities are held but trash.
Of matches, now o' days, such is the mould,
Love rarely enters, but the love of gold.

Bra. Ay, true's the tale, and Helen needna think,
Her niece will catch a Laird, without the clink.
There's few will marry ane without a groat,
Beauty alane will nae pit on the pot.
They've wanted a' their days, who were as bra,
She may be blyth to get a man ava;
Or pitting grandeur freely out o' head,
Be mair than thankfu' to get ane that's guid.

Kn. But how stands Bess? Likes she the lad herself?

Bra. Ay, wi' her faul, as far as I can smell.
And gin that Helen canna be brought too,
I kenna what the consequence may be.

Kn.

Kn. Gin that be true, I'll gi'e the match a heeze,
And try to cure auld Helen o' the bees.
For much I doubt, ye ken gin I be right,
She'll lose the Laird, gin she your nephew slight.

Bra. I watna, fir, how it cud come about,
That ye sud entertain sae strange a doubt !
My nephew and a Laird he canna be,
Were he a Laird, he'd be nae kin to me.

S A N G. IV.

*Knight.*Tune.—*Logan Water.*

Thro' Beggar's garb and doublet mean,
The Gentleman will still be seen,
Whilst Princely robes are void of art,
To hide a mean and fardid heart.

Discerning eyes will soon perceive,
The man of Honour from the Knave;
However much disguis'd they seem,
They still emit some native beam.

That he has been, and may remain your friend,
I dinna doubt, but kin to you he's nane.
Tho' for your nephew he has pass'd wi' a',
From me, no garb can hide young SETON-HA'.

Bra. O dinna, eithly, wi' the secret part !
God blifs your Honour, keep it like your heart.
For tho' he, else, has had her kind consent,
He disna want that Bess herself sud ken't.

Kn. The cause I guess, he means, no doubt to prove,
Ere that be kent; the depth of Bessy's love.

And

And troth I think it wad be far frae kin',
For me to baffle him in this design.
I mean to act a far mair friendly part,
This night he's ken gin she be worth his heart.
But, I bedeen, maun see young SETON-HA',
And ha'e some private crack between us twa.
I'll ablins, gi'e him news he disna ken,
And help the matter sooner to an end.

Bra. 'Twill be in vain, fir, gin ye mean to try,
To turn his love frae her anither way.
He's o'er fair browdent on the lafs, I'm fear,
For ony thing but her to work a cure.
Beside, he's pass'd his word and winna flinch,
For he's a man of Honour, ilka inch.

Kn. I ken he is, but he's oblig'd to you.

Bra. The ne'er ae bit, it's neathing but what's true.
The nearest o' his kin, I'll lay my life,
Will nae prevent his making Bess his wife.

Kn. Whate'er my aim, let that ne'er fash your head,
But, be assur'd, it will be for his guid:
And gin ye wish to show yoursell his friend,
Ye'll see to send him o'er the way bedeen.
And ye may tell him that he's kent to me.

Bra. I sall obey, whate'er your purpose be.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E T O T H E S C E N E.

*To please the ee and charm the ear ;
 Ilk rural sweet salutes you here,
 The yellow rhubins, in bloom, appear,
 Out-thro' the birken shade ;
 And by the water bubbling near,
 A pleasing din is made.
 Hark ! to the rustling of the trees,
 Fann'd by the gentle western breeze ;
 And Kattie singing, at her ease,
 Wi' mickle mirth and glee ;
 Gin neither lass nor music please,
 In troth, it's ill to dee.*

S A N G V.

Tune.—O bonny lass will ye ly in a Barrack.

MY Simon's come back, and my cares are all over ;
 He swears, by his Kate, he'll nae mair be a rover,
 But strive what he can, still to add to her pleasure,
 What lass, but would think such a lad is a treasure !

Tho' late, in his absence, I pin'd and lamented,
 Now he's safe return'd, my heart is contented ;
 The pleasure I have in this day's happy meeting,
 Repays me for a' my past sobbing and greeting.

Anes mair, now delighted, I view the green fields,
 And taste a' the sweets which kind Nature still yields ;
 Nae langer sic beauties are irksome to me,
 "Altho' they remind me, dear Simon, of thee.

Flow

Flow on then sweet river, your murmurs now please me,
 Nae langer, in vain, will ye strive now to ease me;
 Tho' late, on your banks, I sat sighing and mourning,
 Nae mair, now, I sigh for my Simon's returning.

*Now, Bessy comes to take the air,
 Wi' rosy cheeks and flowing hair,
 And snaw-white bosom baskins bare,
 Delightfu' sight!
 Wha's er has een, now lat him stare,
 Wi' a' his might.*

B E S S.

BLYTH may ye sing, I trow your heart is glad,
 That ye, anes mair, ha'e gotten hame your lad.

Ka. To sing or dance, I'm now in proper tife,
 My birn, O Bess, has got an unco' lift! }
Bess. This day, indeed, has been a day of thrift. }

Ka. I'm just as merry as I ha'e to be.

Bess. Mony sic days may Kate and Simon see!
 Lang may she bruik him, lang may her joys last,
 And drown ilk painfu' thought of a' that's past!

Ka. I thank you, Cousin, sae saft Simon too,
 Anes he has kent how guid ye've been to me.
 Ye was ay kinder to me than the lave,
 I'll ne'er forget, wi' what concern, ye strave.
 To chear my heart, and keep my spirits up,
 When I was maistly like to tyn a' hope.
 As lang's I live, next Simon's sell alane,
 I'll look upon you as my kindest friend.

Sae great your kindness, when he was awa,
I'm fure, I ne'er can pay the ha'f.—

Bess. ————— Fy, na! [*Jeeringly.*

Since he's return'd, lat that ne'er fash your head;
Ye'll fane pay that, gin a' your debts be paid.
I only pity to my Cousin shaw'd,
When she, poor lass, was like to tyn her lad;
And she may pay me now gin she incline,
Since, in a' likely, I my Jo maun tyn.

Ka. Ye'll tyn your Jo! na, Bessy, dinna jeer.

Bess. It's gnapi' earnest, lass, I mak' you fear.
Ane wha has woo'd me lang, and promis'd fair,
Forgets his promises, and woos'nae mair;
Nor wad he ha'e me now and gi'e him gowd.

Ka. On sic a lad ye wad be ill bestow'd.
Sma' pity for the loss I hope may fair,
He's ane, I red, that ye can eithly spare.
Some rattle-scul I wad, like Geordy Will,
Or haukit Ned that wins ayont the Hill,
Twa, that I kenna whilk's the greatest fool.

Bess. Ye'se soon ken that, since ye have guess'd sae
I'll gar ye wonder, anes ye've heard the tale, [well.
And ye sall get it a', now, clean and hale.

Geordy has woo'd me, now, this mony day,
And I, for sport, ha'e kept the fool in play,
Without anes saying either ay or nay.

Aft has he promis'd, that he wad be true,
But, now, I find my lad begins to rue.

I ha'e observ'd, within this little wee,
He'd meet auld *Boby*, ere he met wi' me.
Afore he us'd to bare his hedry pow,
Where'er we met and mak' an awkward bow ;
But, now, whene'er I chance to come in sight,
He scours awa, as he had ta'en a fright.

Ka. And can ye guess the cause o' sic a change?
Whate'er it be, I'm sure it's something strange.

Bess. I believe I may. Ned is the man I doubt,
Wha lang has wanted to ding Geordy out.
I eith cud see, it ga'e him mickle pain,
To think that Geordy had won far'er ben ;
And I am certain, as ye'll shortly see,
That he has casten ill, twish him and me ;
In hopes, to him, I mayna be fae shy,
When anes I find that Geordy's turn'd fae dry.

Ka. He ! stupid beast, I cudna think him fit
For sic a trick ; he wants baith sense and wit.

Bess. But ye're mista'en, ye dinna ken him ha'f,
The still-sow aften eats up a' the draff.
Fools are as cunning whiles as wiser fouk,
And I'm mista'en, gin Ned be ony gowk.
I ha'e guid reason too, for thinking fae ;
What think ye Aunty heard the ither day ?

Ka. I cudna say, but I'll be fain to hear,
Gin it be ought that makes the matter clear.

Bess. As she was slowly creeping in the way,
Wi' birn o' girse for supper to the ky.

Just

Just as she turns the corner o' the park,
She hears ane singing, there, as blyth's a lark.
Sae down she leans her birn upon a hirst,
To hear the sang, tak' snuff and get a rest.
Listening she stood, but didna listen lang,
'Till she finds I'm the burden o' the sang.
Now Auntie's curious, nae doubt, to see
Wha 'twas, that sang sae merrily 'bout me.
To Edward's voice, she thought it unco' like,
And she wad tak' a peep in o'er the dyke.
Just as she looks, the music stopping short,
Ned ga'e a gauf, and cries o' happy sport!
Now that I've gotten Geordie's birse set up,
I'm thinking Bessy's pride will dree a sup.
Or lang she winna be sae red to lack,
My project, now, I think bids fair to tak'.
A' this, unseen, she cud distinctly hear,
But gaes to lift, cause he was coming near.
By this time, Ned comes forward to the slap,
But seeing Auntie, back a piece he lap,
And teets to see gin she was looking there,
Syn jumps athwart the road, as swift's a hare,
Into the park, that lies just o'er anent,
Syn teets again, wi' bonnet set aslant;
And fidgeting wi' the thought she naething saw,
Rabbit his hands, and ga'e his lugs a claw;
Syn made a host, and glowr'd anither way,
But looks about, as Auntie's coming by.

Ay Ned, says she, this is a liesome night!
 It is, says he, I fear that birn's nae light.
 Ye better lat me ease ye o't a wee,
 It winna be fae great a lift to me.
 She ga'e him thanks, but said it wad be wrang
 To trouble him, she hadna far to gang.
 It's in my gate, I'm just come thro' the park,
 Ga'en to the Smith, says he, about some wark.
 The fash to me will be but sma' I'm fear—
 Aunty trudg'd on as gin she didna hear.
 When mutt'ring to himself, a cunning thief,
 She heard him say, I'm glad that Lucky's deaf.
 A' this she taul' me, soon as she came hame,
 And we, atwisch us, ha'e contriv'd a scheme,
 That will, ere night, gie's a' some handsome game. }

Ka. I fud be blyth that baith the lads were wrought,
 And gin I can be usefu', now, in ought,
 I'll do my best, gin it nae secret be—

Bess. I ne'er had ane I wad keep up frae thee.
 I wad ha'e taul' you a' the sport before,
 But then I cudna enter on the score;
 As lang's ye was fae fair down in the mou',
 It wadna dane to speak o' lads to you.
 But now, I hope, ye're fit to join the sport.

Ka. Well lat me hear't, for troth I'm langing for't.

Bess. My Aunty steppit o'er the way, last night,
 And taul' just a' the story to the Knight.

As luck wad hae't, his Honour likes the jest,
 And he's as blyth as he had foun' a nest.
 Wi' heart and hand, he is to aid the play,
 And he's o'er by, to question George the day.
 He will be there I fancy, just e'en now,
 It's a lang hour since he gaed o'er the Know.
 And we will shortly hear what news are brought,
 Meantime, I'll gang, I think it nae ill thought,
 In search o' Ned, the filthy scoulin' knave,
 To gie'm a teaze, and see how he'll behave.
 But what think ye?—

Ka.—The scheme I think is guid,
 And I sall tell you, how I wad proceed.
 Upon your part, I think it will be wise,
 Gin ye lay ony stress on my advice.
 Gin he sud speak o' love, as like he will,
 Tak' tent, o'er soon, the sport ye dinna spill.
 Binna at first, as usual, cauld and shy,
 But seem as gin ha'f willing to comply,
 And a' his motions tentively beha'd.

Bess. Fearna but I sall tightly cook my lad.
 The day, I hear, he is to be at wark,
 Just near Sir Archbald's, in the mickle park.
 I'll gang and see gin I can find him out.

Ka. But short finfyne, I saw him tak' that rout.
 Whistling he gaed, and looking unco' blyth,
 And, in his hand, he danc'd a bran-new scythe,

As

As he gaed up the wa'k, out thro' the trees,
 Anc wad ha'e thought it had been in a bleeze.
 Gazing, I maist was blinded wi' the sight,
 The sun was beating on the blade sae bright.

Bess. Well I'll be ga'en, but ere I gang awa,
 To you I fain wad say a word or twa.
 This short advice I mean to gi'e to you,
 For Branky's nephew, now, nae langer woo!

Ka. How that advice, gin ye now, like to say?
 Ist 'cause the lad himsell has won the day?

Bess. This far ye hear, lat that be as it may.
 He needs nae help frae you his tale to tell,
 I find the lad can court right well himsell.

Ka. Ye may speak plainer, lass, gin ye incline,
 As, by your mumping, I maist guess your mind.
 Ere-while I kent he had the better part,
 And now, I fee, he's gotten a' your heart.
 Ae thing I ken, altho' I say't mysell,
 Gin it be sae, ye needna shame to tell.
 There's gentler fouks, wha hinna ha'f his mense,
 Beside, he bears the bell for wit and sense.
 Get him wha likes, she winna get an afs,
 Whae'er she be, whell be a lucky lass.
 And ye'll be her, or else I'm fair mista'en,
 Ye ha'e his heart—

Bess. ————— And he has mine I ken.

Ka. Well heart for heart, my Bessy, is but fair,
 The bargain's only equal and nae mair.

Gin

Gin it be fae, and ye sud ken youself,
 It's only fair, I think, that ye sud tell.
 Tell him ye love, and dinna live in pine,
 But ease, at anes, your ain and Jamie's mind.
 Nor fear to do't, ye'll ne'er ha'e cause to rue,
 I'll lay my life, ye'll find him kind and true.

Bess. I wish he prove nae war than what ye say,
 For, to be plain, I taul' him a' the day.
 Case he, like ither lads, meant to beguile,
 To gar him think me cauld I strave a while,
 But ilka word he spake was weal'd fae sweet,
 It wafna lang into my pow'r to do't.
 He woo'd fae warm, I was oblig'd to yield,
 And own him fairly Master o' the Field.

S A N G VI.

Tune.—My Lodging is on the cold ground.

I Met my dear Jamie returning to day,
 And with him retir'd to yon grove :
 Where, with pleasure, I heard what th' youth had to say,
 For all his discourse was of love.

So warmly he press'd, that ere I was aware,
 He slyly had stowen a kiss ;
 Yet, I fan my heart could not blame him so far,
 As allow me to take it amiss.

His love, with such sweetness endearing, he told,
 I heard his kind tale with content ;
 And thought it but vain to appear longer cold,
 When I found my heart beating consent.

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In his arms I fell, and with look of regard,
For I could be no longer unkind;
To Jamie my feelings I freely declar'd,
And honestly open'd my mind.

With rapture he heard the confession I made,
And swore he would love me thro' life;
And, with the sweet hope, my fond heart now is glad,
That to Jamie I'll soon be a wife. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*A bra' grass park, set round wi' trees,
Where aye may loll, a while, at ease,
And taste the fragrance o' the breeze;*

Nae danger near:

While hum of busy honey-bees,

Delights the ear!

See, back, a wee bit, frae the shop,

Ned stands, rejoicing at his hap,

And leaning, careless, on his sythe:

Hear what he says, ye'll fin' he's blyth.

I ha'e some hopes my scheme will now succeed,
It's been lang brewin' troth it may be guid.
To win her love, has cost me mickle pain,
But now I think, proud Bessy's ha'f my ain.
How far 'twas right to blot the lassie's fame,
I winna say, but sure, it was my game.
And tho', in that, I play'd a filly part,
Wha kens, by that, but I may gain her heart.

G.

For

For what altho' she didna prove ha'f kind,
 Whan I endeavour'd, first, to tell my mind.
 She then, wi' Geordy, held an unco' fyke,
 But, there, the butter's casten to the tyke;
 And I may chance to ha'e some better hap,
 I'll do my speed to catch her in the trap.
 For, now, I'd think she wad ha'e better will,
 To hear o' love, gin I ha'e ony skill.
 For lasses, when their wooers chance to change,
 Aft stretch a point, to get a just revenge.
 Be as it may, I am resolved to try,
 How matters wag, I see her come this way.

*He sings, and Bess behin' a tree,
 Stands, for a while, to hear and see.*

S A N G. VII.

Tune.—*Woo'd, and married, and a'.*

I Like bonny Bess,
 But ah, alas! wae's me!
 I like bonny Bess,
 But Bessy likesna me!

First, when I taul' my mind,
 She leugh at a' my care,
 But, now, her Jo's unkind,
 And laughs at her as fair.

'To slight sae sweet a prize,
 O what an afs is he!
 I wad be far mair wise,
 Cud she but think o' me.

Were

Were she o' me as fain,
I'd nae be cauld nor shy;
He ne'er cud shaw difdain,
Gin he had lov'd as I.

BESS entering the Park.

Bess. Ned ha'd ye busy, ay in merry mood,
Singing, they say, whiles gars the wark come speed.
Gin that be true, in sic a bonny day,
Ye'll mak' an unco' hole amang the hay.
Sing on, and dinna lat me pit you wrang,
I didna mean to stop you in your sang.

Ned. Sindie I sing, by what I u'd to doe,
And wark I fear will get sma' skaith frae me.
I hinna been mysell, this mony lang,
Nowther at wark nor finging of a sang.
Wha has a heart fae borne down wi' wae,
Will but ill-far'dly owther sing or say.
When a' was right, I then cud blythly sing,
And wi' my music gar the woodlands ring.
Baith even and morn, I was ay blyth and gay,
And whistled a' my little cares away.
But times, my bonny Bess, are alter'd fair,
And merry thoughts are buried, now, in care!

Bess. What ails thee Ned? gin na'e o'er baul' to speir,
Gin ye have health, ne'er grumble 'cause ye're poor.
Fouks wha ha'e little, can but little tyn,
Ne'er lat the Warld brak' your peace o' mind.

In

In it, ye ken, there's mony an up and down,
 And what tho' Fortune anes may brak' your crowns;
 She'll maybe rue, and turn and heal the wound,
 Gin ye, wi' patience, calmly bear the stound.
 Whistle and sing, and ye may find relief,
 A merry heart will ne'er be slave to grief.

Ned. Wha has enough, my Bess, can ne'er be poor,
 I dinna murmur for the want o' gear.
 I ha'e as mickle as ay fairs myfell,
 And that's e'en mair than greater fouks can tell.
 Gear disna a', there's some ha'e less than me,
 That I wad gladly change my fortune wi',
 The loss, I'm like to meet, is war to bear,
 Than ony I cud ha'e of Warld's gear.
 Save me but that, I ne'er sud fash my pow,
 Tho' I saw a' I'm worth set in a low.
 Were that the case, I'd ablins mak' a shift,
 Gin healh sud fair, to gather mair by thrift.
 But then the loss, that I am like to dree,
 I'm very sure, will mak' an end o' me!

Bess. 'Bout what's to happen, never fash your thum',
 It's wrang to brood o'er woes that are to come.
 Live in guid hopes, and banish cark and care,
 It's better far, than dying in despair.
 A' disna perish, that in peril hangs,
 The lamb's aft rescued from Tod-lowrie's fangs.
 E'en, when we dread the greatest danger near,
 Some lucky turn aft cheats us of our fear.

Whare's

Whare's Cousin Kattie, there, ayont the burn,
 Her fears, I trow, ha'e ta'en a happy turn.
 Tho' for this ouk, her heart has been right grite,
 And few but thought that she wad get the bite.
 Yet Simon's come, whase absence ga'e her pain,
 And she well pleas'd, sees a' her fears were vain.
 Keep up your heart, Ned, never lat it fa',
 Anes tyn the heart, and bid farewell to a'.

Ned. A' jesser cares, my Bessy, I disdain,
 It's far frae easy, that makes me complain.
 Kate has been lucky, sae has Simon too,
 And ilk ane happy in his love but me !
 Were I as happy in my love as they,
 I'd find nae room into my heart for wae.
 But wha cud bear to find his bosom burn,
 Wi' honest love, and yet meet nae return !
 The case is hard, and yet that case is mine,
 I like a lass, and yet she is unkind !
Keep up my heart, it's na'e so easy dane,
 She'll be my dead, that will be shortly seen !

Bess. Wow ! Ned, ye hinna ha'f enough o' pride,
 Or ye mith well sae sma' a bensil bide !
 Die for a lass ! I thought ye far mair wise,
 Gin she be saucy, ye sud e'en be nice.
 Were I a lad, it ne'er sud gi'e me pain,
 Tho' I sud get the na-say man, frae ten.
 The lasses arena, now o' days, so scant,
 Tho' ane be proud, ye needna fear ye'll want.

Ye may get twenty full as fair as she,
And full as guid, however guid she be.

Ned. Nane ha'f so guid I ken, nor ha'f so fair,
I ne'er saw ane, wi' her that wad compare!
Tho' ane, my Bessy, she is a' to me,
And, but hersell, nae ither lass will doe!
I ne'er cud bear, in a' my life, to range,
The love's nae deep, that can fae easy change.
Slight her! na, na, I hinna't in my pow'r,
And gin I lose her, I will never cower!
Bessy may slight, but then were Bess like me,
She wad see matters wi' anither ee!

Bess. Pity, that ony lass sud lightlie you,
Few lads are, now o' days, in love fae true.
It's hard that she sud slight, and ye so fain,
Pity, nae ither lass can ease your pain.
What can she be, that's lov'd by sic a youth,
And winna lout to quench his lowin' drouth!
She ill deserves to get fae guid a lad,
Pity, she dinna rue and tyn her ha'd.

Ned. Gin Bessy pities, lat her pity shaw,
It's in her pow'r to pit an end to a'.
But her, nae lass cu'd ever gar me smart,
But her, nae ither can lift up my heart!

SANG.

S A N G. VIII.

Tune.—*A' the Whigs will gae to Hell.*

A' The night, I sigh and mourn,
Bonny lassie, lowland lassie,
Nor find my rest, with day, return;
My bonny lowland lassie.

It brings fresh marks of your disdain,
Bonny lassie, &c.
Which fair but to increase my pain;
My bonny lowland lassie.

Whene'er I speak of love, ye frown,
Bonny lassie, &c.

And that pits a' my courage down;
My bonny lowland lassie.

Gin ye ae kindly look wad wear,
Bonny lassie, &c.

A' this gloom wad disappear;
My bonny lowland lassie.

But, gin ye dinna deign to smile,
Bonny lassie, &c.

There's nought, in life, that's worth my while;
My bonny lowland lassie!

In Death's embrace, then only kind,
Bonny lassie, &c.

I my rest and peace maun find;
My bonny lowland lassie!

Bess.

Bess. Ay, Ned, that's news ye tell me, man, indeed,
I thought that Bess had worn out o' head.
She's left by ane, wha woo'd mair baul' than you,
And promis'd just as fairly to be true.
This mony day, ye never mention'd love.

Ned. Because I saw my Bess wad ne'er approve.
What need I woo, when that but eeks my pain,
Since kind expressions only meet disdain.
Had I been, ever, likely to come speed,
Love, and love only, had been a' my leed.
But dinna jeer me, Bessy, lat me be,
Ye never wad, nor e'er will pity me!
Some happier lad nor me is far'er ben,
This lang I thought, and now the truth I ken.
But tho' ye get him, he'll be dearly bought,
He'll ne'er shaw you the kindness that he ought.

Bess. Wha is't that Ned can think I like sae well?

Ned. Ane wha cud pass you, Bessy, to the De'il!
Wha wad gi'e gowd, but that he's scant o' gear,
That he o' Bess and a' her charms were clear.
And yet, ye're wae sae guid a prize sud slip,
And, wi' his Honour's aid, wad keep the grip.
Forgi'e me, bonny Bess, gin I'm o'er plain,
I fain wad save you frae a life o' pain.
What, tho' his Honour may gar George agree,
Ye ne'er will be so happy as wi' me.
Ye ne'er need hope a single happy day,
Forc'd pray'rs are nae devotion, as they say.

'Twere

'Twere right, I think, ye tak' your ain advice,
As he is faucy, ye sud e'en be nice.

Gi'e love for love, and him, who hates despise,
 It's in your pow'r, my Bess, to turn the guise.

Bess. I'll need a thought, ere ony thing I say,
 But I maun leave you, Simon comes this way.
 I wadna like to lat a lover die, *Exit.*

Ned alane.

I'm glad to hear't, but troth it's nae be me.
 Die for a lass ! na faith I'm nae so fool,
 The lasses, first, may a' gae to the De'il.
 With me, love isna yet so freely deep,
 Nor ever fall, or it's be thro' my sleep !
 For a' her beauty, I the lass cud lose,
 Lat me but get my clooks on aunty's poze.

Enter Simon.

I'll warrant ye've been courting Bess e'en now,
 O Ned there's little wit, man, in your pow.
 Gin ye maun die for her, e'en stop your fyke,
 And mak' your test'ment, Ned, whene'er you like.
 Think ye, she'll ever look the gate o' you ?

Ned. I've seen as great a fairley, tho' she do !
Simon mith had his tongue, gin he were wise,
 His ain lass stamach disna seem o'er nice !
 Nane cud cast up, tho' I were Bessy's lad,
 I ever wore the bonnet and cockade !

Kn. What, dare ye say, ye bladder-headed ass,
 Either to me, or yet about my lass ?

H

Gives

[Gives Ned a cuff and drives off his bonnet.]

Ned. Simon, nae doubt, is to the fighting bred,
But I can pay this debt, tho' nae my trade.

[Returns the cuff, and Simon turns up his heels.]

GEORGE entering suddenly, gives Simon a cuff as he
speaks.

Geo. Stop gin ye're wife, what can this brullie
I fain wad ken your bus'ness wi' my frien'? *[mean !]* }

Sim. I dinna fear twa fools, tho' I'm alane. }

Of what he gets, ye're welcome to a share,

[Strikes George.]

I dinna think I'll yield to sic a pair !

Come on my lads;

[A battle and Simon beats them both off.]

Simon and Ned. ——— But dinna rug our hair !

Kn. Ye cowardly tykes, I scorn sic silly game !

Geordy and Ned. O ! mercy ! mercy !

Ned. ——— Simon, I'm to blame !

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*A flow'ry walk extended wide,
 With lofty elms on ilka side:
 Whase meeting taps hide a' aboon,
 But gin ye, laigher, look between;
 Ye, first, observe the clear blue sky,
 Then, laigher still, ye charm the eye,
 With woods, and groves, and flow'ry fields,
 And a' the sweets which Nature yields.
 Anes take your fairin' of the sight,
 Syn, when ye think ye've view'd a' right,
 Your eyes, to nearer objects, move,
 And tent a youth that's bliss in love.*

Jamie alone.

S A N G. IX.

Tune—The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

HOW happy the youth, when to love he's inclin'd,
 Who finds his dear fair, like my Bessy, prove kind;
 So extreme is his joy, his pleasure so great,
 Tho' I feel, I can't tell you, how happy his state!

All description it baffles, no words can impart
 One half of the bliss, which he feels in his heart;
 Her consent obtain'd, such emotions arise,
 He would burst, if they found not a vent at his eyes!

Enter BRANKY.

Ja. Well, have ye founded Helen on the match?
 I think ye hinna made o'er quick dispatch.

I doubt she hafna been sae easy pleas'd,
As what ye thought.—

Bra. ————— Troth, fir, ye are refus'd.
And gin ye dinna, like yourfell, appear,
Ye'll nae get Bess, wi' her consent, I fear.
Ye maun shak' aff that ill becoming dress,
Or else gi'e o'er a' thoughts o' getting Bess.

Ja. I think your nephew mair than she sud slight,
But maybe, Branky hafna roof'd him right.
Ye sud ha'e taul' his virtues ane by ane,
And syn begun again, when ye had dane.
And gin ye fan that a' that wadna doe,
Ne'er scrupl'd, man, to gi'e him twa or three. }

Bra. Gin I said nought but guid, I cudna lie.
I only taul' the truth and naething mair,
Altho' I roos'd you to her, lang and fair.
She said, she heard your virtues werena few,
A better lad, says I, ne'er trade the dew.
A finer lad, nor ane o' greater thrift,
I'm sure, ne'er cock'd his knapper to the list.
Tho' he's my friend, I thinkna ony shame,
To say he has mair worth than I can name;
And wad ye lat him mak' your niece a wife,
I'm sure, she'll lead a very happy life.
Forby he's guid, I ken he isna poor,
He disna want enough o' goods and gear.
She'll ha'e as lyth a bield as can be found,
In a' the country, seek it round and round.

Ja.

Ja. Troth, friend, I think ye've roos'd right well
I wonder that ye camena better speed. [indeed,

Bra. And fae ye may, fae onyane mith think,
But I'e assure ye, Helen's nae sma' drink !
It's nae to ilka chiel she'll gi'e her niece,
There's few wad think her sic a saucy piece !

Ja. What reason gives she for her disregard ?

Bra. Nae ither, sir, but that ye're nae a Laird.
And were ye not, I fear ye'd be ahin,
I never in my life, sir, heard sic win' !
I b'lieve she thinks Bess match for ony he,
That ever steppit in a leather shoe.

Her like, for beauty, says she, I cud lay,
Ye scarce wad see, in a lang simmer's day.
Nor does a better draw the breath o' life,
A Laird, wi' joy, mith simile on sic a wife :
And I may live to see as guid a sport,
As sma' a ship has won as guid a port.
On hearing this, I bade her a guid day,
'Twas beating o' the air, thinks I, to stay !

I'll say nae mair, e'en now, I will awa,
And lat you think, says I, your pride may fa'.

I kenna, says she, sic a thing mith be,
But then, I hope, it's what ye winna see.

It's nae thro' slight, I wad your frien' deny,
Nor yet, without a cause, I look fae high.

And what's this mighty cause, sir, do ye think ?

Ja.

Ja. Maybe auld Lucky likes a drap o' drink.
 Gin that's the case, I think it nae ways strange,
 On some the timmer works an unco' change.
 It mony times has dane as mighty things,
 Beggars, when drunk, have fancied themselves Kings.
 Mayhap, it's turn'd auld Helen to a Queen,
 And Bess into a Princess of the Green.
 Nae wonder, then, she think a Laird mith smile,
 A Princess wad be something worth his while.

Bra. Troth, fir, I wad been ready to suppose,
 That some chiel had set up auld Helen's nose;
 But that I ken she is a sober wife,
 And ne'er was kent for ither a' her life.
 That's nae the cause, ye'll need to guess again,
 Or tak' hale twenty o' them, a' on end;
 And after a', I doubt gin ye wad light,
 Amang a hunder mair, upon the right.
 It's something strange, ye'll ferly, fir, to hear't,
 She taul' me a', ere I gat time to speir't.
 Sometime ago, she had Bess' fortune read,
 By ane, it seems, a deacon at the trade.
 Wha taul' sic things, I'm sure nae ane cud tell,
 Unless some *Warlick* or auld *Nick* himsell.
 But Helen tells me that she nowther saw,
 Gin he was horn'd or had a cloven pa'!

Ja. It's been the humble Devil, then that's a'. }

Bra. Faith, like enough. He had a lang black beard!

Ja. And, how, did Helen say he disappear'd?

Bra.

Bar. He stay'd nae langer than he taul' his tale,
Nor wad he tak' her filler or her meal.
Right aft he gae'd, and in amang the trees,
She cudna tell me gin she saw them bleeze!
But says she never saw him mair finfyne.

Ja. He's been a Devil of a generous kind,
To gi'e so great a fortune to her Niece,
And neither tak' her filler nor a piece.
But yet, perhaps, he may again appear,
And crave the las, when anes she gets the gear.
He'll ha'e a chance to be some better fair'd,
By Bess herself, when anes she gets the Laird.

Bra. I doubtna but she'll think his title guid,
When a' comes true he did sae wisely read.
But faith, I fear, forgi'e me gin I tell,
That ye have been this gen'rous De'il yourself.

Ja. I see, my friend, that ye right well can guess,
And that I hinna play'd my part amiss.
I'm gl'ad my scheme is like to take sae well,
And that auld Lucky listen'd to the tale.

Bra. Like Gospel, sir, she credits a' ye said,
And says, she's sure, 'twill happen as ye read.
For part, this day, she says, has come to pass,
O' what ye archly spaed about the las.

Ja. Ye see, then, Branky, ane may spae right well,
Wha isna just in compact wi' the De'il:
And tho' nae born wi' the second fight,
He may, if wyly, spae a fortune right.

Bra.

Bra. I dinna mean you, wha cud better ken,
How things were gaen' or gues's how they wad end ?

Ja. And fae it is with a' the spaeing crew.
Gin they e'er light on ony thing that's true,
They, first, maun learn't, by some trick of art,
Before they enter on the spaeing part.
Frae neighbours, aft, they weal what truth they tell,
And, whiles, by cunning, frae weak folks themself :
Marking, wi' care, what answers they may hear,
To wyly questions, which they archly speir.
Meanwhile they stare them, slyly, in the face,
To see what approbation they can trace.
And guided, thus, by what they hear and see,
They ken when they may venture on a lie.
For anes they find they have ae truth exprest,
They're sure to get a' credit for the rest.
They, then, at Fortune's happy turns may gues's,
For lies, like that, are never ta'en amiss.
'Tis, thus, they on the credulous impose,
And, thus, they get the wonders they disclose.
From other's ignorance their skill they draw,
While, to the Devil, fools impute it a'.

Bra. In faith, I trow you now, wi' a' my heart,
Ye seem to ken the knack, fir, o' the art.
Plain country fouks are easily outseen,
But Book-lear'd men, like you, ha'e clearer een.
Yet, for mysell, I never, a' my days,
Had mickle faith in spae-men, or their says.

Ner

Nor did I, ever, wi' a single plack;
 E'er cross the luive of ony o' the pack.
 Tho' aften blam'd by sic fool sort o' fo'ks,
 Wha lik'd to cast their filler at the cocks;
 Because, wi' nae mair rev'rence I behav'd,
 But leugh to see them willingly deceiv'd,
 When, round the ingle, in a bourach set,
 I've seen a dizen fidgin' for their fate;
 And ilk ane's fortune turning up ay grite,
 As he was libr'al in the reader's mite.
 Fortune ay favouring that fool the most,
 Wha coff'd her favours, at the greatest cost.
 While a' were, wi' their luck, right well content,
 Nor thought it ill bestow'd what they had spent;
 As Lassies wad be Ladies o' *first rank*,
 And Plough-men, in a short, set up a *Bank*.
 But yet, the day, I maun, in conscience, own,
 I was some doubtfu' o' the matter grown:
 When Helen taul' fae mony things a' true,
 That she cud get, but frae some Elf, or you.

Ja. Frae me, she gat the hale, and my design
 Is likely, now, to answer to my mind.
 At Lucky's treatment I'm nae way displeas'd;
 I had been wrang, had ye been kinder us'd.
 For, by this scheme, I hope, ere lang, to prove,
 The force of Bessy's constancy and love.
 Her Aunt's refusal, soon, maun reach her ear,
 And how she likes the news, I'll quickly hear.

Bra. I thought that ye had only spae'd for spbrt,
 But now, I find ye've wiser reasons for't.
 Yet, what gin, after a' that ye have dane,
 Ye be discover'd by some grite rich friend,
 Whase pride wad never bear that ye sud wed,
 A Cottage Beauty and a hame-spun maid?
 Counsell'd by sic a ane, ye yet mith rue,
 And bid fair Bess and a' her charms adieu.
 For custom, now o' days, wad seem to prove,
 Fouks ought to marry mair for gain than love:
 And ane that's poor is lack'd tho' ne'er so guid,
 As poor and rich were no ae flesh and blood.

Ja. Whatever notions high-born fools may frame,
 The mould of poor and rich is just the same.
 No finer blood runs in a Princess' veins,
 Than paints the cheek of Bessy of the Plains.
 Nor would I give this Beauty of the Green,
 With all her sweetness, modest look, and mien,
 To be connected with the richest Queen !

S A N G. X.

Tune.—The Miller of Dee.

THE lad, who gae courting for greed of the cash,
 Looking less at the lass than the gold;
 Aft barter his peace for a bundle of trash,
 And I think it but right that he should.

I'll ne'er gae a wooing for sake of the gear,
 Let the lassie but please me herself;
 I never will flight her, because she is poor,
 And has not a penny of pelf.

Nor

JAMIE AND BESS.

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Nor will I e'er think it below me to wed,
When a lass of true merit I find :
Nor care I farthing how humble the maid,
If she is but loving and kind.

Tho' proud-hearted Coxcombs may say it is mean,
To marry beneath my degree :
I care not, by such, how my conduct is seen,
It is of no moment to me.

In choosing a darling companion for life,
For myself, I'm determin'd to judge ;
And if I am pleas'd to make Bessy my wife,
Who else has a title to grudge ?

Bra. Well ha'd ye sae, for I was erch to tell
A circumstance, which, 'mang the rest, befell,
As I was gaen frae Helen's, by the way,
I saw the Knight, and wish'd him a guid day,
For you he speir'd ; I thought he naething knew,
And taul' him a' 'bout Helen, Bess, and you.
I ga'e the tale a sort o' hidden cast,
Thinking ye, for my Nephew, wi' him past.
But, in a short, to my nae sma' surprise,
I fan he kent the Laird, thro' the disguise!
How ye may like it, sir, I dinna ken.

Ja. The news, my friend, give me no kind of pain.
By him my Bessy has been kindly us'd,
And, at her luck, he canna be displeas'd.
This day, she taul' me, when we were alane,
In him, she, lang, has had a worthy friend.

A

A thousand ways, she said, he had been guid,
 And gi'en her Books, when she inclin'd to read:
 To which, she owes those bauties of her mind,
 Which we, but rare, where more expected, find,
 Books are the grand refiners of our taste,
 Our understanding's choicest friends, and best.
 They teach us our rude passions to controll,
 And nurse the seeds of Virtue, in the soul.
 Pleasure and profit they, at once, impart,
 And mend the head, while they improve the heart.
 When vacant hours, to these, are wisely lent,
 How sweetly, do we find the moments spent!
 What grand advantages from reading flow,
 None, but the happy relishers, can know!

Bra. Well, sir, gin ye be ready to comply,
 He wants, e'en now, that ye wad gang o'er by.
 He 'has some news, about the lafs, to tell,
 He'll gi'e nae ither body but yoursell;
 And means to pit you on a way to know,
 This night, gin she be worth your love or no.

Ja. Just now I'll visit him, with a' my heart,
 And gladly hear what news he may impart.
 I love a man of such superior worth,
 Who smiles on merit, careless of it's birth.
 Oft, thro' the want of one so nobly kind,
 That flow'r is lost, which cherish'd, and refin'd,
 Might shoot, and spread, and bloming blifs mankind. }

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

*It's Helen's dwelling, view it well,
 For it can bide a look,
 Auld Lucky singing, at her reel,
 Ben, in the Pantry nook.
 Excuse, for she, a wee, maun slack,
 Just, as ye heard the reely crack;
 By some wrang cadge she ga'e her hand,
 She's tint her end, and wark maun stand;
 'Cause she's but weak o' fight;
 'Till raxing to the chimney-flane,
 She, shortly, finds twa usefu' een,
 That help to mend her light;
 Whilk anes adjusted on her nose,
 To wark, thus cannily, she goes;
 First, wets the pirn, then thum's it round about,
 'Till, wi' a prin, she pirles the tint end out,
 And tenty draws it loose,
 Syn, to the reel, anes, tightly tied,
 Down, in the sole, she lays aside
 Her een, for after use.
 And, now, by cautious turns and flow,
 Anes mair, she gars the reely go.*

S A N G. XI.

Tune.—Twitty Tattie, or the Archer's March.

TH O' Boreas lang, may rudely bla',
 And hill and dale be clad wi' sna',
 Yet, gloomy Winter wears awa;
 And joyfu' Spring appears

Then,

JAMIE AND BESS.

Then, Nature, anes mair, smiling,
 Ilk filly fear beguiling,
 With plenty, crowns the toiling
 Of busy Industry.

Tho' lang she's bow'd 'neath Fortune's blast,
 My Bessy will won up, at last,
 My Bessy, now, won's up, at last,
 And happier days appear.

Soon, shall I see her smiling,
 A' my past fears beguiling,
 The thought repays my toiling,
 For her, this mony day.

This night, I'll tell a story,
 Will make them blyth and sorry,
 Will make them blyth and sorry,
 At the strange turns of Fate!

While hearing, they shall wonder,
 And ca't a wyly blunder,
 But, kent for truth, like thunder,
 Will strike them wi' amaze.

It, then, will be nae spring of wo!
 'Cause he has wedded ane o'er low,
 'Cause he has wedded ane o'er low,
 And far beneath his rank.

Her, soon, his equal he shall see,
 And, wi' the tale, delighted he,
 His heart and hand, content, shall gi'e,
 And blifs his happy fate.

And, when, in wedlock they are join'd,
 May they ilk comfort in it find,
 May they ilk comfort in it find,
 Which e'er that state could yield.

Love

Love, wi' their days, increasing,
 Lang may they live, possessing,
 Ilk joy, and earthly blissing,
 Kind Heav'n can bestow!

O Providence! now, hear me,
 And, in the evening, cheer me,
 And, in the evening, cheer me,
 Of my declining age!

Thy Goodness, then, admiring,
 To greater joys aspiring,
 I'll pleas'd, frae life, retiring,
 Ly down amang the Dead!

*Missing a fit, upon the outer door,
 Dory flytes in, and raises up a roar.*

Dor. Whare are ye, oman?—Helen, are ye, here?

[Coming ben.]

Hel. She's nae far aff, but what mak's a' the steer?

Dor. Preserve me! oman, are ye, yet, sae fool,
 As think o' wark—gae and throw by the reel.
 Leave that to fouks wha ha'e their bread to won,
 Gin ye'd be grite, ye sudna reel nor spin;
 By them, it's thought wark borders on a fin. }
 They scarce can bear to ha'e it in their sight. *[light.]*

Hel. Gae wi' your stuff, I think your head's turn'd

Dor. When Bess grows Lady, ye may spare the
 I'll warran this is for the bridal fark. *[wark,]*
 Fool wife, to think, when anes she gets a Laird,
 She'll be set by wi' ought ye'll spin or kard!

The

The Laird she gets, will be but unco' poor,
 Gin he's nae fit to gi'e her better gear.
 In silks and sattins, he will gar her shine,
 And gi'e her shifts made o' the Holland fine.
 Like ither Ladies, in her bra's she'll fail,
 And be new moulded fac, baith head and tail,
 She'll nae be kent, by auld acquaintance, more,
 Nor, ablins, ken them, as she did afore.

Hel Na, Theodore, I hope nae change of state,
 Will e'er make Bess her former friends forget.
 She has mair sence; I hinna ony fear,
 She'll e'er slight auld acquaintance, 'cause they're poor,
 That's but the case, when fools to fortunes rise,
 Less blifs'd wi' sence, than those whom they despise.
 But ane of sence, who rises to be great,
 Will still regard those of less happy fate:
 Mindfu' that a' are, equally, the care,
 Of that kind Providence, which plac'd them, there;
 Which raises ane, and lats anither fa',
 Yet, in it's aims, still kind alike to a'.
 Wha wad be proud of ony happy cast,
 A moment brings, and may as quickly blast!
 Tho' now the sun, in glory, shining bright,
 Makes Nature smile, wi' his all cheering light,
 Wha kens, tho', now, the sky appears serene,
 How soon a cloud may darken a' the scene?

Dor. Guid safe me, Helen! but I wonder fair,
 That ane, like you, wha has nae common share,

Of

Of wit and sense, sud yet sae foolish be,
 As listen to a tale sae like a lie.
 Bess get a Laird ! I laugh, troth, in my sleeve,
 To think ye sud sae strange a tale believe.

Hel. Ye a' may laugh, since laughing does nae ill,
 She'll get the Laird, and ye may laugh your fill.

Dor. Well, gin she get him, lat it e'en be sae,
 At Bessy's luck, I'm sure, I'll no be wae,
 I'll be as blyth as Helen, on that day.

Gin bra' rich Ladies meet wi such neglect,
 And she sic luck, it's mair than I expect,
 It wad be strange, sud sic grite things appear,
 In days, when fouks rin wid on Warlds-gear.
 The lass is bonny, and, nae doubt, she's guid,
 But nowther rich, nor come o' gentle blood.

Hel. Be 'at she like, that s nowther here, nor there,
 Sud Ladies want, a Laird will be her share.
 Ye're a' nis-wife, but ere ye sleep, this night,
 Ye'll, maybe, see wha's far'est in the right.
 Fouks will turn Lairds, mayhap, ye thinkna o',
 Wha, like my Bessy, look, e'en now, but low.
 And as grite ferlies, ablins, some ha'e seen,
 As she turn Lady, ere the night be dane.

Dor. Gin e'er sic wonders fall be brought to light,
 Nane will be mair delighted wi' the sight.
 Seeing's believing, a' the Warld allow,
 And great will be my joy your tale prove true.

But how will Branky's Nephew like the show,
Or Bess herself, gin baith maun tyn their Jo?

Hel. What is to fa' will neither o' them skaith,
But, in the end, turn ont to please them baith.
Tho' now, for reasons guid, I shift his claim,
While he inclines to gae by sic a name :
Ere lang ye'll ye see, gin ye in health be spar'd,
This Branky's Nephew start into a Laird.

Dor. For Guid's cause, Helen, will ye a' explain,
Or ye'll gae near to turn me in the brain !
O dinna round about your story hint,
For, now, I doubt there's mair than nonsense in't !

Hel. I wadna care, but ye maun hool frae a',
Whate'er I tell ye now, atwisch us twa.

Dor. Ye needna fear, by me it's ne'er be taul',
What ye disclose ; I'll keep it like my faul.

Hel. Then listen, and ye ilka thing fall hear,
As far as I can lippen to your ear.

Ae afternoon, a little while sinfyne,
I hope, wi' joy, I'll ay that day remind.

A heavy show'r came pouring frae a cloud,
Blue lightening flash'd, and thunder rumbl'd loud,
Wi' fearfu' din, among the hills and wood. }

When, frae the braes, a' wet and out o' breath,
A bra' young lad came rinning thro' the heath,
Wi' dog and gun, and as luck fair'd, was fain,
Within my Cruive, to shelter frae the rain.

When

When he was set, I ga'e the fire a stir,
And Bessy ran and brought some whins, wi' vir,
Frac out the nook, and made a hearty bleeze,
To dry his claes and gar him sit at ease.
He said, he had been in the Hill a' day,
And seem'd quite faint and weary wi' the play.
Says I, to Bess, I think ye'll better try,
Gin he wad drink some milk new frae the ky.
Meanwhile, in haste, I laid upon the board,
Some cruds and ream, the best I cud afford.
Says he, I blush ye sud sic trouble take,
I wis', says I, 'twere better for your sake :
We ha'e but little fit for guests like you,
But sic's we ha'e, we mak' you welcome to.
He thank'd us, very kindly, for our care,
And said a King mith feast upon sic fare :
But, as he never lik'd to sup, alane,
He smil'd, and begg'd that Bess wad tak' a spoon.
She thank'd him for the complement he meant,
And, after some intrèaty, blush'd consent.
Nor wad he taste, but loot his cutty lie,
Till she agreed, at least, to shaw the way;
Syn roof'd my cruds, and said, to eek my praise,
He ne'er had feasted better, a' his days.

Dor. Gin ye was able to keep down your pride,
It's something strange, that speech was fair to bide!

Hel. I'm glad, says I, ye think the feast so good;
But well kent I, what feast was understood.

I thought it plain, frae what I'd heard and seen,
 It wafna just the cruds that he cud mean.
 It wad be vain to tell you a' he said,
 Or ha'f the complements, to Bess, he paid.
 It lang was fair, afore he thought o' ga'en,
 And gayly on to evening now was drawn.
 When up he raise, to mak' a lang tale short,
 And bade's guid night, but seem'd right sorry for't.
 Clapping her shou'der as he left the door,
 He said, he ne'er saw Bessy's mak' before ;
 And that, gin e'er they chanc'd to meet again,
 She mith ha'e cause to thank the show'r o' rain.
 And now, ere lang, I hope it will be true,
 In Branky's Nephew, I this youth can view.
 As soon as, first, I saw him in this place,
 For a' his strange disguise, I kent the face.

Dor. O how my heart's delighted wi' the tale !

Hel. Ye'll like it better, anes ye kent the hale.

But isna't strange that Bessy sudna see,
 E'en in her lover, what is seen by me ?
 But she, poor lass, when first acquaint, was shy ;
 Nor e'er, without a blush, cud look his way.
 Ay sure, whene'er she did, to meet his een,
 When I mith looked, ha'f an hour, unseen.

Dor. But disna Bessy, yet, some notion ha'e,
 How things are ga'en, or how the're like to gae ?

Hel. Nae e'en the least, as yet she disna know,
 How I us'd Branky and refus'd her Jo.

Dor.

Dor. But, whare-to did ye't, oman, lat me hear?
To ken the Laird, and slight him, troth was quear.

Hel. I ha'e dane naething but by guid advice,
And what the Knight confiders fit and wise.
Wha was it, think ye, did fae slyly tell,
My Bessy's fortune, but the lad himsell?
Sane after, she gae'd hame to fair the Knight,
Ae evening, just 'bout dwauming o' the light;
As I was sitting in the house, alane,
An auld-like Carle sleppit in, bedeen,
A hat fair slouch'd, and wi' a gartan tied.
Aneath his chin, fair'd a' his face to hide,
Except his beard, which was baith sleek, and lang,
And like a gcat's, maist to his breast, it hang.
About his shou'ders was a duddy cloak,
And, in his hand, a knotted branch of oak.
Goodwife, he says, I fain wad rest a while,
I'm wearied fair, tho' I've scarce gane a mile.
I've seen the day, but my best days are o'er,
I wadna been fae wearied wi' a score!
Auld joints, says he, are stiffer than the green,
And need a rest; says I, ye're welcome fiend.
When he was set, and after some short crack,
He slyly loost me ken he had a knack,
At reading fortunes, and that he wad spae
Mine tightly to me, ere that he sud gae,
For, in my face, he said, he clearly saw,
Some lucky turn was nae just far awa.

Syn taul' me mony things he brawly kent,
 And, wi' the rest, ga'e me this wyly hint ;
 That, gin I didna Branky's friend discard,
 I, ablins, mith gar Bessy lose the Laird:

Dor. But, what way was it, Helen can ye tell,
 That ye discover'd 'twas the lad himsell ?
 When he was fac disguis'd a' round about,
 I ferly how ye ever fan that out.

Hel. When ga'en he chanc'd to lat a Letter fa',
 Which loot me ken, it was young SETON-HA'.
 Syn I, directly, gae'd aud taul' the Knight,
 Wha kindly tell'd me how to manage right.
 And said he had observ'd the lad afore,
 Right thrang wi' Bessy, ae night, in the door ;
 And, wha it was, he easily cud see,
 But thoughtna fit to mention that to me ;
 'Till his intentions he cud rightly trace,
 Or time throw far'er light upon the case.
 Sae, now my pirn is out, gin ye'll step ben,
 I'll, maybe, greater ferlies yet explain.
 And ye fall get a drink o' my best ale,
 In case ye're dry, ere I ha'e dane my tale.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

The Knight's lang Ha,

A' round the wa',

In brightest colours dress'd,

His grand Forbears,

Wha, mony years,

Themselfs ha'e been at rest.

Tet, here, so wive,

Te'd think they live,

And, smiling, seem to share,

In his strange trick,

To raise Auld Nick,

And gi'e sly Ned a share.

Kn. **S**UCH base reproaches, it were hard to bear,
Which must to Innocence give pain to hear;
And from whatever cause it may proceed,
Nought can excuse the blackness of the deed.
Whoe'er the conduct of the Fair would stain,
Should be excluded from the rank of men:
Whose duty 'tis, to guard their weaker form,
From ev'ry danger, and rude threat'ning storm!
And 'tis his honour, and his duty too,
To give such wretches up to contempt due,
Who daring, thus, fair Woman to defame,
Prove foes to Virtue and their Sexe's shame.

What

What art I have, that art I mean to try,
 And hope to show the author of this lie,
 But, it were better, that he had reveal'd
 This of himself, which canna be conceal'd.
 For I shall, quickly, make some ane appear,
 Wha will the story, in a hurry, clear.

But what's the matter, Ned, ye tremble fae ?

Ned. God blifs your Honour, gin ye'd lat me ga'e !
 Gin ye sud raise the De'il, ere I depart,
 I'm very fear the fight will flit my heart!
 I never fall do guid ahin the fright,
 Gin I be forc'd to bide the ugsome fight!

Kn. He'll get nae pow'r but o'er the guilty mind,
 For a' beside, will to the fight be blind.

Hel. Gin Ned has dane nae ill, he needna fear,
 Tho' a' the De'il's in Hell sud now appear.

Ned. Ay, ay, nae doubt, but wha cud be fae baul,
 As say he ne'er did ought to harm his faul ?
 I ha'e my fau'ts, there's few can say they're free,
 And hinna err'd, sometimes, as well as me !

Kn. That a' are sinners, Ned, we maun agree.
 Nor, is our charity fae freely sma',
 As think that ye're the greatest of us a'.
 Ye needna fear, ye have nae cause of dread,
 Unless ye have been guilty of this deed.
 A' other fau'ts will pass unnotic'd now,
 But he, wha has done this, may chance to rue.

None

Nane here maun stir, but let my spells proceed,
On names of fame I call, and folks lang dead.

Great Don Quixoté De La Mancha,
With thy trusty Sancho Pancha !

Quick, my summons now obey,
And seek those scenes excluding day,
Where constant night, and horror dwells,
And guilty souls, in burning cells,
Forever on their torments cry,

Gnaw'd by the worm which ne'er will die !

Where gnashing teeth, and endless weeping,
Prevent the sufferers from sleeping,

And feeling still increase of pains,

Grin deep, and clank their burning chains !

Where Pluto, on his fiery throne,

With horrid pleasure, mocks each groan ;

Darting fresh torments from his eyes,

Whilst, round him, flames sulphureous rise,

By which, to ev'ry guilty Shade,

Increase of torture is convey'd ;

And, o'er the gloomy mansions, greater }
horror spread !

Go, mighty Don, and quickly bring,

To Earth, this dread infernal King !

And, for his trouble, he shall have,

The wretch as a perpetual slave ;

Who, daring such base lies to tell,

Betrays a spirit fit for Hell !

[Stopping a little.]

I find my call has reach'd his ear,
 And, soon, his Highness will appear!
 These flames declare he is at hand,
 And, thus, I give him the command!
 ALDIBARONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO FLY,
 Seize, as thy prey, the author of this lie!

*Branky, now, tak's bad o' Ned,
 Just like to fa' for fear;
 When, he cries to the Knight to red.
 Thinking the De'il o'er near.*

Ned. Help, help, I find he has me in his claws,
 O lay him, lay him, fir, for ony's cause;
 And I'll coafess, and play sic tricks nae mair.

Bra. Itrow, friend Ned, your heart has got a skare. }

Geo. Gin he's the author of this lie, De'il care. }

Kn. Are ye the man! It's well ye taul' in time,
 Else ye had suffer'd deeply for the crime.
 But, as it's in my pow'r, I now prevent
 The fate deserv'd, and hope ye will repent.

Spirit retire to shades of night,
 Since all, without your aid, is right.

Geo. That is o'er kind—but tho' he pass e'en now,
 The De'il will get him yet, or tyn his due.

Hel. Keep ye your clack, ye rattle-headed afs,
 It's nae your part sic sentences to pass.
 Gin ye, to Bess, had had a heart ha'f leel,
 To trow sic tales, ye ne'er had been so fool.
 Ye sud be punish'd just as fair as he.

Geo.

Geo. I own my fau't, but gin she will forgi'e,
I'll tak' her by the hand afore the Priest,
And ne'er again fall be so big a beast.

Kn. I fear that offer, George, now winna do,
But I sud leave the answer, Bess, to you.

Hel. For a' my love, ere sic a thing sud be,
Her, in her winding sheet, I'd rather see. }

Bess. Gin that's your mind, we winna disagree.
I freely can forgi'e him the offence,
But when I wed, I'll wed a lad o' sense.

Kn. That's rightly said—George, ye are much to
And well deserve to lose your former claim. (blame,
Ne'er trust a tale, which envious tongues may raise,
Or credit ought that's to a lass dispraise :
But let this loss, in future, make you wise.

Geo. And sae it may, I've tint o'er guid a prize.
Wae to you Ned, I will repent it ay,
I lootna Simon brak' your banes the day
To gar me think ye was my dearest friend,
And be at heart my foe, when a' was dane.

Ned. O Geordy, Geordy—am I really here !

Geo. I'm wae ye are, ye bafe confounded liar.

Ned. Am I alive, and do I see you yet !

Geo. Ay, and sud fin' me too, gin I durst hit.

Kn. Beware of that, tho' there were no restrain
Or else your folly ye may yet repent.

I'll judge if farther punishment be fit,
Gin Edward anes had gather'd a' hi' wi'

Ned. O fir, I'm fear I'll never be mysell!
 Was ever ane so near the brink o' Hell,
 And yet escape!—I'll never, a' my life,
 Gae sic a length, tho' I sud want a wife.
 O fir, forgi'e! I had nae war design,
 But, by the trick, to strive to mak' her mine.
 And tho' I us'd, wi' rudeness, your good name,
 I kent my word cud never hurt your fame:
 But thought your goodness, gin it sud succeed,
 Mith pardon me the baseness of the deed.

Kn. How cud you think, to'scape the vengeance due,
 Or that such crimes cud be conceal'd from view?
 Thro' Love's and Friendship's strictest ties to brake,
 Must the just wrath of Providence awake:
 Who, wisely, brings such wickedness to light,
 To make us look, with horror, on the sight;
 And show such deeds, tho' hid to us they ly,
 Are ne'er conceal'd from his all-seeing eye!
 Edward, your fault is of no common kind,
 And shows a strange depravity of mind.
 The 'scape, you've made, is mair than ye deserve,
 But let it as a warning to you serve:
 And ne'er, again, provoke the wrath of Heaven,
 And ye may hope, this anes, to be forgiven.
 Let honesty your sma'est actions guide,
 And, aboon a', in Love it should preside.

Ned. O fir, as lang's I ever live or breathe,
 I ne'er sall do a living creature skaith!

Kn.

Kn. Well, be it so.—the past shall, be forgot,
And, Bess, I hope, ye now forgive the plot ?

Bess. Wi' a' my heart.—proud, in my humble state,
To follow the example which ye set.

Geo. I'm fear tho' Bess, ye never will agree
To marry Ned, when ye have slighted me !

Bess. Gin that can please, alike I slight you baith,
To wed with either, I'd be very laith.

Omnes. There's few, wethink, can blame you fair for
Baith ha'e been guilty of o'er grite a fau't. [that;

Bra. But, there's a lad, that I wad fain propose,
I hope mair worthy o' her love than those,
Nor do I think, gin I ha'e ony guests,
She'll tak' my offer ony way amiss.

What say you, Bess ? How wad ye like my friend ?

Kn. Is this your Nephew, Branky, that ye mean ?

Bra. The same, an' like your Honour to approve ;
Wi' Bess, he's freely o'er the lugs in love.

Since e'er he saw her, he nae rest can find,
Nor is she ever absent frae his mind.

'Bout naething ither maist he thinks or speaks,
But making ballats on her rosy cheeks,
Her sparkling een, or her fast flowing hair,
And swears nae face was ever ha'f so fair.

A' day he cracks about her in this strain,
And syn, at night, dreams a'thing o'er again.

And gin she disna bear him some regard,
I'll say the love, atween them, is ill shar'd.

Kn.

Kn. To ane, whose heart, with so much warmth
It wad be hard, gin she nae pity shows. (glows,
I hope their breasts with equal wishes burn,
Such love, I think, deserves to meet return.

Bra. I thank your Honour, that was kindly said.

Kn. Bess dinna blush, but speak, nor be afraid.
If he's agreeable, ye needna fear,
To lat the love, he merits now appear.
Yet, tho' I think ye canna well despise,
Let Love alane direct you in the choice.
My thoughts I only mention, as a friend,
I wou'd be nane, should I to more pretend.
It is your right, and now shou'd be your part,
To listen to the dictates of your heart.

Bess. Encouraged by your Honour, ever kind,
It is my duty to declare my mind;
Nor of the lad need I think ony shame,
Or blush to own I feel an honest flame.

Bra. That speech mith claw the billy's back I'm fear,
I wonder he's fae lang o' coming here.

Kn. I think I bade you bring the lad along—

Bra. I taul' him, sir, but then he wadna gang.
He is fae nice, and ay maun be so sprush;
That he ran hame to gi'e his claes a brush.
He said he cudna think to see the Knight,
'Till he sud mak' himsell mair snod and tight.
But he'll be here, I'm fear he wadna bide,
Gin he büt kent what's likely to betide.

But

But what, now, to the match does Helen say ?

We cudna just agree upon't, the day.

Bess. Naething seems wanting, but her kind consent,
To blifs my choice, and gi'e me full content.

Hel. I'm sorry, then, that I maun disapprove
Of ane, for whom ye seem to bear sic love.
Nor can I now, without sincere regrete,
Seek to oppose the seeming will of Fate.
But, for the best of reasons, I deny,
Nor, wi' that bargain, think I'll e'er comply.
The lad, tho' guid enough, maun better be,
Ere I can freely to the match agree.

Bess. I thought it mair than ye'd expect to me. }
I strange to hear ye speak in sic a stile,
Gin ye can be in earnest a' the while.

Hel. To a', nae doubt, who now are standing here,
My conduct may, in sic strange light appear.
Nor do I wonder they, as well as you,
Sud o' this matter ha'e the same false view ;
And think what difference, they are fit to spy,
Can, only, in this youngman's favour, ly.
But better than they a' I ken your worth.

Bess. I'm neither rich, nor yet o' gentle birth.
Speak out, and ease my breast of anxious pain.

Kn. Helen, it's fair ye make your reasons plain.
Whate'er they be, it's fit they get a name,
Ere either party quit sae guid a claim.

Hel. That she's nae rich is sure o'er true, indeed,
But it's as true, she is of gentle blood.

And

And, wanting cash, wha gets her, tho' a Laird,
May blis his stars, and think himsell well fair'd.

Bess. Aunt I'masham'd, a' now maun think you hitel

Kn. Have ye no wishes, Bessy, to be grite?

Bess. I ne'er had ony wishes, fir, so vain,

Nor e'er did on my humble lot complain.

Since e'er I cud of happinefs partake,

Me happier than I've been nae wish cud make,

Unless my Jamie, he's my only care,

For him alane I wish, and naething mair.

And were e'en grandeur now within my pow'r,

So that a wish cud the rich prize secure,

If, on the change, wi' Jamie I boot part,

I'd-tare the thought, wi' pleasure, frae my heart.

*JAMIE enters in his own Character of SETON-HA's
in a hunting dress.*

Seton. In me, behold that happy youth, sweet maid,
Who heard, with rapture, a' ye've kindly said.

I hope you winna love your Jamie less,

Tho' he has now put on a former dress.

Ye'll now remind the happy show'r of rain,

And what I promis'd, should we meet again.

Aunty, I hope now, winna disagree,

And what ye arena, ye shall shortly be.

Bess. I have nae words—

Dor. ————— I fear the lass will swoon!

Bess. Someane support me! or I'll drap dead down!

Seton.

Set. That charge be mine—here, on my bosom, lean:
No sweeter armsfu' was ever seen!

While thus I press thee, and thy thousand charms,
I fold a Paradise within my arms!

This tempest of the soul will soon wear o'er,
And Bessy smile, and bliss me, as before.

Bess. Fain wad I speak, but kennä what to say,
This blist surprize bears a' my sense away.

Seton. Look on thy Jamie, and compose thy mind!

Bess. I see, I see, none else cud be so kind!
I darena doubt, and yet I something fear.

Seton. There is no cause I hope, when he's so near.

Bess. Delightfu' man—can ane so highly born,
Look upon me, and yet nae look wi' scorn!

Seton. What eye could scorn, that half thy charms
What heart but must to so much beauty yield! [beheld!
Nor is thy form polluted by thy mind,
For both alike are matchless and refin'd!

Bess. I thought my Jamie ay o'er guid for me:

Seton. In that alane, may we ay disagree.
How will such sweetness smoothe the cares of life,
When I'm so happy as can call thee wife!

Bess. Too generous man! ye force my hopes to rise!
O that the World cud but approve your choice!
O that my Auntie's tale had been but true,
Tho' nought cud ever make me merit you!
But, if that love can answer for a name,
Your happiness shall be my constant aim.

Hel. Ye needna blush, for I ha'e taul' nae lie,
Gin nae so rich, ye're as high-born as he.

Kn. Helen take care, for that sure canna be.

Hel. An' like your Honour, fra'at, it's very true,
Tho' ye'll excuse, I ne'er taul' this to you.
For, gin I e'er had trusted it wi' ane,
It had been you, who ay was sic a friend.
I hope she'll nae be thought less worth his love,
That I can Bess his blood-relation prove.

And had the Sun that raise ay shone as fair,
She mith ha'e been mair worthy o' his care.

Omnes. Speak, Helen, speak whate'er ye ha'e to say;
For we can credit ony thing the day!

Seton. Ay speak, and quickly, I'm in pain to hear:

Hel. Whate'er I say, this Writing will make clear.

*{ Taking a Letter from her
bosom and giving to Seton-ha.*

Tho' clouds ha'e lang obscur'd her hapless fate,
Ye but enjoy what sud be her Estate.

Lat never ane 'gainst Providence complain,
Since she, anes mair, is like to get her ain!

Seton. Good Heaven! the name my hapless Cousin
Oft, have I wept at his hard fate before! (bore!

Part of your tale I do already ken,
And, what I dianna, hope ye can explain.

Shall I, as on his daughter, look on Bess?

Hel. Ye may, for I can prove she is nae less.

Seton.

JAMIE AND BESS:

Seton. As such, let me embrace her, then, once more;
[Embracing]

Tho' nought can make thee dearer than before.

Omnes. Helen, gae on, we a' are sidging fain. [main.]

Seton. How came she here? let now nae doubt re-

Hel. That ye shall ken, but first, I maun disclose
What name, except yoursell, that's present knows.

Her Father sud ha'e been your Uncle's heir,

But that his pride was hurt by an affair,

Sic as the present was just like to be,

'Cause he had wedded, under his degree,

A lass of beauty, and of so much worth,

Inferior to nane, except in birth.

Yet a', but for the malice of a friend,

Had, till the uncle's death, a secret been;

Which happen'd soon, but nae 'till rage prevail'd,

And, in his latest Will, their ruin seal'd.

To you he left his fortune, then a child,

And a' their hopes thus cruelly beguil'd.

A' now was dark, they kentna where to go,

And baith seem'd born to a World of woe!

At last resolv'd, to foreign shores he hied,

To seek that fortune, his ain name denied,

And left, wi' deepest sorrow and regret,

His wife and Bess to share my humble fate.

Unkent to a', and wi' the sakeless two,

Ae night I bade the cruel place adieu;

And

And sought this land, where Theodore's last wife,
 My only sister, liv'd and spent her life.
 Wi' her kind help, we ga'e the tale a cast,
 And Bessy's mother for our sister past.
 Nae Theodore that kent it was a lie,
 We skinn'd the story fae 'twish her and me.

Dor. Ay true's that tale, for till this very day,
 I never kent ae syllable ye say !

Seton. What then befell the Mother ? hapless fair !

Hel. With me she spent some years of grief and care ;
 But hearing nothing from the youth she lov'd,
 Her anxious fears o'er heavy for her prov'd ;
 She blis'd her child, then smil-d and welcom'd death,
 But ere she yielded up her latest breath,
 Enjoin'd me closest secrecy to keep,
 And lat the story, in my bosom, sleep ;
 'Till Fortune, if it ever was so kind,
 Should mak' her child, anes mair, a Father find.
 She thought, that sud he ne'er return again,
 To ken her birth, mith only gi'e her pain ;
 Or gar her murmur at the lot decreed,
 But, now, the tale may help to raise her head.

Bess. Tho' great my loss, that loss I never knew,
 The want so kindly was supplied by you. (aid,

Seton. 'Twas kind, indeed, to give such generous
 And I may hope to see you well repaid.

[*To Helen.*
 Whatever

Whatever bliss attends me and the Fair,
 With us ye'll live, and kindly take a share.
 And Branky, you, who ay have stood my friend,
 Maun as our frequent visitant be seen.
 Simon and Kattie too, I must regard,
 And, at a proper season, will reward.
 A double wedding we shall shortly ha'e,
 And baith receive our Beauties on one day.
 Where, a' now here, maun on our joys attend,
 And ilk ane be made welcome as a friend.

Kr. And ye'll allow that I fit out the Bride,
 And stand, that day, as Father by her side.
 When, tho' nae dow'r such beauty seems to want,
 I well can spare, and will, with pleasure, grant
 Such little present, as some use may fair,
 And show my approbation of the pair.

Seton. Words are too weak to tell how much we owe,
 Such goodness ne'er can meet reward below !

Kr. My full reward will in the pleasure ly.

Seton. I'll say no more, such kindness mocks reply!

Hel. As ye've sae kindly credited the past,
 Of a' my ferlies, hear the greatest last.
 My lang lost foster-bairn I'll shortly see,
 And Bessy, in a Father, happy be ;
 Who will ilk friend, in a fit manner, thank,
 And gi'e her fortune equal to her rank.

Omnes. Can it be possible what now we hear !

[Holding up their hands-

Hel.

Hel. Thank God ! the happy truth will soon appear !
 If ye a witness of the truth demand,
 I hope I'll shortly ha'e him at your hand.
 As I came here, the news were brought to me,
 And made me just as blyth as blyth cud be.
 This day, he landed safe, at Aberdeen,
 And, by my elder Brother, he was seen :
 Who came, express, the happy news to tell,
 And says he, shortly, will be here himsell.
 This night, he bade me look for his approach,
 Attended by black servants, in a couch.
 Nor wad he stay to tell me ony mair,
 But spurr'd his horse, and like a bird in air,
 Flew aff to meet him, and conduct him here,
 And, by this time, I hope, they will be near.
 Till now, I smoor'd my joy within my breast,
 'Cause the best dish sud ay conclude the feast.

Seton. Smile now, sweet maid, and let us yet em-
 Is it by tears, that ye your joy express ! [brace.

Bess. I'm doubly bliss'd ! I shall a Father find,
 Fit to reward thy too, too generous mind !
 My joy is great, but still a Mother's wo,
 Maun touch my heart, and force a tear to flow !

Kn. Let joy prevail, her sorrows now are o'er ;
 And Fate's rude sting can wound her peace no more !
 To her that bliss, which was on Earth denied,
 In purest streams, is now by Heav'n, supplied !

Whate'er

Whate'er befalls, let all still put their trust,
 In Him, whose ways, tho' dark, are ever just!
 A truth this day's occurrence serves to prove,
 In this strange instance of your happy love!

Seton. Happy indeed!—

Omnes.———Lang may your joys last,
 And ilka day prove happier than the past!

S A N G. XII.

Tune.—*Etrick Banks.*

H E L E N.

MAY no remembrance of the past,
 The rising buds of pleasure blast;
 But purest bliss attend the Pair,
 Untinctur'd with the gall of care!

S E T O N.

Soon as the nuptial knot is tied,
 Let ev'ry painful thought subside;

B E S S.

May this blyth night our sorows end,
 And Fortune, henceforth, prove our friend?

K N I G H T.

May ev'ry gen'rous lover find
 His darling fair, like Bessy, kind;
 And ever meet the due reward,
 Of an unfeign'd and pure regard!

OMNES.

JAMIE AND BESS.

O M N E S.

What heart ! but will, with rapture, join
 To supplicate the Power Divine !
 Which sends such blissings from above,
 As the reward of gen'rous love !

[Exeunt Omnes.]

*They now retire, ye see the curtain fa',
 And as ye've, kindly, stay'd the end of a',
 I gi'e you thanks, and leave, now, to withdraw.*

THE END.



10 DE 62

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. SUTHERLAND.

And spoken by Mrs. HAMILTON.

ALL trembling and shaking within sits the Bard,
Who waits with impatience your *fat's* award;
On his *Pegasus* mounted, he ambled along,
In pastoral verse, and mellinuous song;
His thoughts all employ'd on his *Jamie and Bess*,
And conceiving the transport, if crown'd with success;
But alas! if awak'd from his slumber, dismay'd,
He should find his young *Peg* prove a ticklish jade,
And tumble poor Author clean down in the dirt,
Remember, he's *lame*, and may easy get hurt.
Consider his case then, and his spirits bear up,
You see he's got *one* foot hitch'd into the stirrup;
Reverse but the scene, send *your* sunshine abroad,
H'll pleasantly amble, your smiles cheer the road;
'Tho' *bumble* his prospects, his means tho' not *much*,
You'll hear him sing well both of *you* and his *crutch*.
Oh! give him your plaudits; the joy, 'twill afford,
Must be past expression—if *with Ben-Accord* *.

* The Aberdeen Motto.

After the Epilogue, the following *Address to his Graces* was
sung by Mrs HAMILTON.

BLYTH days I have seen,
O! had they still been,
I ne'er would have made a companion of thee;
But since they are gane,
It's vain to complain,
We're wedded, I fear, and had best now agree!

All methods I've try'd,
To lay thee aside,
Employ'd physicians, and paid them their fee,
They did what they cou'd,
Alas; 'twas no good,
And thou art the only relief left for me!

III.

To thee more I owe,
Than any below,
My faithful supporter whenever I please;
Without whose kind aid,
Adieu to all trade,
And I have no fortune to keep me at ease!

IV.

Then, let me embrace thee,
Contented caress thee,
Whilst, under my arm, I now press thee, thus kind;
Sure I cannot do less,
Thou'rt my friend in distress,
And that is far better than ten in sunshine!

‡ For the *music* of this Address, see Forty Pieces of *music*
inscribed to the Right Hon. David Earl of Buchan,

GLOSSARY of such uncommon Scotch Words as occur in the Piece.

A BLINS, <i>maybe, no doubt.</i>	Lack, <i>to slight.</i>
Browdent on the lass, <i>deeply in love with her.</i>	Lightlie, <i>slight.</i>
Bedeem, <i>directly, instantly or immediately.</i>	Leisom <i>swarm, sultry.</i>
Birky, <i>a term similar to Old-boy.</i>	Loo'd, <i>loved.</i>
Call, <i>a Whistle.</i>	Mirky, <i>speaking joy, mirthful, pleased.</i>
Coff, <i>to Buy.</i>	Menfe, <i>manners.</i>
Clack, <i>saucy discourse.</i>	Queer, <i>strange or curious.</i>
Cark, <i>gloomy thoughts.</i>	Red, <i>to suppose, or guess.</i>
Dit, <i>to stop close.</i>	Sindle, <i>seldom.</i>
Dree <i>to suffer.</i>	Stound, <i>stitch.</i>
Erch, <i>unwilling.</i>	Strappin', or strapan, <i>tall, genteel, handsome.</i>
Eath, <i>eithly, easily, easily or readily.</i>	Scushy, <i>money.</i>
Eke, <i>also.</i>	Snish, <i>snuff.</i>
Forgie, <i>forgive.</i>	Smergh, <i>strength.</i>
Fluff'd or Fluffed, <i>disappointed.</i>	Snelly, <i>ill-naturedly, sharp.</i>
Forgether, <i>to meet.</i>	Sha', <i>to Show.</i>
Forhui, <i>to forsake.</i>	Stap, <i>to stop or close up.</i>
Fley, <i>to fear or be afraid of.</i>	Steek, <i>to shut close.</i>
Fouth, <i>plenty.</i>	Tift, <i>Cafe or Trim.</i>
Gill-wheep or Gell-wheep, <i>the cheat.</i>	Tyn, <i>to lose.</i>
Hirst, <i>a small eminence or resting place, a seat.</i>	Wad, <i>to stagger.</i>
Hool, <i>to conceal.</i>	Ween, <i>Suppose.</i>
Jee, <i>to stir or remove from its place.</i>	Winhy-washies, <i>a cant term for being tedious in coming to the point.</i>
Jock, <i>to bow.</i>	Winfome, <i>delightful or agreeable.</i>
	Yelly, <i>you wilt thou.</i>

10 DE 62

